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The Lights of London



HOMELESS

ODD ADVENTURES OF A BUSINESS GIRL IN SEARCH OF A ROOF OVER HER HEAD

By MIRIAM FRASER

WE had considered ourselves ten model boarders, quiet, refined, and incredibly well trained in domestic duties since the loss of our landlady's help two years ago, so when the blow fell the impact was shattering.

We were given notice to leave en masse.

Emoh Ruu, select suburban guest-house, h. and c. service, ex. cuisine, was to be our home no longer.

We went into huddles and tried to discover what lapse on our part had precipitated the calamity.

Certainly our refinement could not be questioned.

With guest-houses all round us closing down into rooms, our refinement had become a thing of wonder to our friends.

As for taking Emoh Ruu for granted, heck, we'd almost saluted in sheer gratitude and thanksgiving as we nightly collected our beautifully cooked dinner from the landlady in the kitchen.

Could we have slackened in our chores?

No; we'd serviced our rooms before going to work; we'd waited on

ourselves at breakfast and dinner; we'd washed up, swept out the kitchen, and washed the tea-towels.

Miss G., the schoolteacher, had hand-fed Charles, the dog. Mr. B., the retired banker, had done the Monday wash as usual; Mr. D., the retired music-teacher, had fixed the plumbing; and Mr. H., the factory manager, on his arrival home from work, had mowed the lawn, watered the garden, and exercised Charles.

But there was the notice in black and white pinned to the mantelpiece.

"I must ask all you guests to please find accommodation elsewhere before eight weeks are up, as I am finding the work too much for me. Sgd.—The Proprietress."

If you're about to look for a single room and meals at not more than two guineas a week, give yourself at least six months—unless you want to end up a nervous wreck with no guest-house to be nervous in.

After four weeks the rest of the boarders found refuge with relatives,

and others, blessed by the gods, got flats through knowing someone, who knew someone, who had heard of someone who was about to move out.

From then I was on my own.

I rose at dawn, so that if the miracle of a guest-house or Priv. Home Vacancy did appear in the Board and Residence column I could beat other contestants to the post.

The miracles were few and far between, and from sad experience I learnt they were vacancies at

(a) Three or four guineas a week.

(b) Shares (two beds in a single room at two guineas a head).

(c) Dingy basement rooms or converted spaces in hallways, little more than enlarged broom cupboards, at £2/10/- a week.

A small fortune spent in being horribly refined in ads. in several suburban sheets and the metropolitan daily brought odd revelations but no board.

The editor of one suburban paper offered me board with him and his wife if I'd stay in at night writing a history of the municipality.

Board would be no consideration. Certainly he would charge no more than two guineas.

Another couple said they'd "put me up" for £2 if I'd stay in at nights to mind their three children.

In desperation I rang every guest-house in the phone book.

All I achieved was an aching ear and a numb dialling finger.

If you're a homeless boarder thinking of adopting this expensive manoeuvre, here's the low-down:

Sixty per cent. of the alleged guest-houses are now rooms or provide bed and breakfast at greatly increased pre-war board rates.

Twenty per cent. have turned all single rooms into doubles.

Ten per cent. take only casuals or visitors at three to four guineas.

Remaining ten per cent. are the two guineas a week, well-run guest-houses from which, according to the proprietors, you couldn't shift the present tenants with a bomb.

Night found me tramping and door-belling guest-houses round strange suburbs, peeking Little Dorrit-like into the well-lit, comfortable lounges of homes and flats, and seething with revolutionary thoughts.



"Peeking Little Dorrit-like into comfortable homes."

Mary: "Well, for heaven's sake, why the but?"

Me: "It hasn't got a door."

Mary: "What! The place?"

Me: "No—the room. It's a sort of converted end of the hallway, and there's a curtain hanging from an arch, and—"

Mary (cheerfully): "Well, darling, just advertise for a DOOR."

Me: "Yes—but the landlady's terribly fond of dogs."

Mary: "Rather commendable."

Me: "Yes, but she's so terribly fond of them she can't bear them to sleep outside these cold nights."

Mary: "Well, she can always ring up the R.S.P.C.A. if the neighbors' dogs are cold. Only yesterday mother called the R.S.P.—"

Me: "They're her own dogs. Two Pekes, Petty and Ducky."

Mary: "Well, darling, what if Petty and Ducky do sleep inside, you don't have to sleep with them."

Me: "But I do. The landlady says they've always slept the night on the carpet at my end of the hall, but if I wasn't fond of dogs I could chase them out, but she thought it might be rather hard to break them of the habit, but I could try."

Mary: "Good grief, has she ever let that £2/10/- kennel before?"

Me: "Yes, to a gentleman boarder. But he left after the second night. He wasn't terribly fond of dogs."

I hung up the receiver.

"Hey," said Joan, one of the office girls. "A Miss Sanderson rang you about accommodation while you were out. Here's her number."

(I'm feverishly dialling now.)

"Hello, Miss Sanderson, you rang."

Miss Sanderson: "Oh, yes, but I haven't any board to offer. Our guest-house is closing down, and I saw your ad., and I thought I'd ring you to find out how you go about looking for board. Could you meet me for coffee?"

(Aw, what the heck!) "Yes, I'd love to, Miss Sanderson."

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ALONE

Work keeps one going, he said, and carried on.

"You certainly need someone to show you around, and maybe I'm the someone," the dark girl said archly.

ARTHUR CUMMINGS, manager of the St. Andrew Hotel, Brooklyn, sat down at his desk and almost immediately picked the letter out of his morning mail. Busily sorting papers at her desk, Miss Reagan, his secretary for years, watched him as he read it.

Before she could voice the question that was in her mind, McKetchnie, the auditor, arrived for his eight-o'clock appointment, carrying the semi-monthly payrolls for the manager to check and sign.

"Harrison, my assistant, is leaving, sir," the taciturn McKetchnie announced to Mr. Cummings after a brief "Good morning." "I've sent three memos to Mr. Leach, in the New York office, and phoned twice. They were to have a new man on the job yesterday."

For a moment Arthur Cummings' grey eyes peered over the top of the letter at a great map hung on the office wall. Finally, his strong, well-kept fingers creased the single sheet of paper. Opening his dark, double-breasted coat, he tucked it away in an inside pocket.

"I'm sorry, Mac," he said, "I don't believe I heard what you said."

The auditor repeated, and added aggrievedly: "Why can't they take a man from one of the other hotels, sir? After all, we're the biggest house in the Leach-Carter chain."

"The smaller ones feel the loss just as much as we do, Mac. We have to give and take."

"Aye, sir." Mac pushed the bulky pay-rolls closer to Cummings. "It's been mostly give since the war. You'll find twenty-two new men listed on the pay-roll to-day. We need many more."

"Anything else?" Cummings picked up his fountain-pen by way of dismissal.

"The petty-cash slips for your okay are under there, too. If we lose any more trained help—"

"We'll lose them," said Cummings shortly. "The country has a job to do. I'll send the pay-rolls up when I've finished." He watched McKetchnie out, then put down his fountain-pen and walked to the office door.

It opened on to the lobby behind the main desk. Arthur Cummings had seen it all a thousand times—the two mail clerks, the four cashiers, the three room-clerks, and farther

to the left the three operators with earphones at the switchboards—the heart of the complicated system that controlled a twenty-six-hundred room hotel.

Mr. Shriver, the first assistant manager, bustled up, a small, leather-bound notebook in his hand. "Are you ready, Mr. Cummings?" he asked a trifle breathlessly.

"Ready?" Cummings repeated absently. "Yes, quite."

Two Air Force officers were signing register cards. Both wore wings, gleaming on their chests, exceedingly new. Cummings watched them, his level brows drawn together with an expression that might have been pain. Just boys, striving hard to look mannish under their visored caps—full of justified pride at completing their rigorous training.

One of the busy room clerks was saying, "Did you have a reservation?"

"I'm afraid not." A shadow crossed the face of the older of the two. "Y'see, we're just here for a day. To-morrow—"

The younger nudged his companion into silence.

"I'll see what I can do." The room clerk turned away.

Arthur Cummings walked out from behind the desk, trailed discreetly by Mr. Shriver. "I'm Arthur Cummings, the manager. You boys are English, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir." They stiffened to attention. "We're, er, y'might say just passing through. A chap in the U.S. Navy told us to stop here."

Cummings consulted the register card. "Pilot-Officers Cheshire and Wren."

"Yes, sir. I'm Wren."

"We're glad to have both of you. I see you're from Devonshire. I managed the Imperial at Torquay for a time."

"The Imperial?" Young eyes lit up. "I say!"

The room clerk turned back. "We have something on the fifth floor at six dollars, gentlemen."

"A little steep for visitors so far from home, Mr. Davies," said Cummings. "Give these officers twelve-sixteen."

"That's a suite, sir." The room clerk hesitated, poised his pen.

"Exactly," said Cummings. "They'll want room to stretch about a bit after so many weeks cramped up in a plane. The rate will be four dollars, if that's agreeable to you."

"That's jolly decent of you, sir," said Wren.

Mr. Shriver ducked deprecatingly when the officers left with a bell-boy. "We had a reservation on twelve-sixteen."

"And now," said Cummings, "it's gone. I'm sorry if I add to your trials, Mr. Shriver. C'est la guerre. What are you waiting for?"

"You said yesterday—"

"Of course," said Cummings. "I was going to make a general inspection to-day. Let's go."

The lobby was filling. A smart young sergeant came in with a laughing group of oddly assorted men, and herded them into the Coffee Shop for breakfast—recruits in transit. In a week they'd be in

of secretly sympathising with certain parties holding great power in Berlin.

"Hans has two sons in the Army, M. Benoit," Arthur Cummings' French was soothingly perfect and low.

"Juste ciel, M. Cummings, each puff-paste he makes is seasoned with a Hell!"

"You are in charge of the kitchen, M. Benoit. Hans will have to go." Armistice in the kitchen, and a secret note by Mr. Shriver. "Transfer Hans Moeller, pastrycook, to another Leach-Carter hotel."

"Trouble in the linen-room, Mrs. Alice Kenney, the housekeeper, looked grave. Mary Talbot, her most efficient seamstress, had lost a brother-in-law, seaman on a torpedoed tanker. Mary's sister was left alone in Beaufort, South Carolina. Mary must go."

"Then there's the matter of curtains and spreads, Mr. Cummings. I've had complaints. Five hundred out at the cleaner's now."

"I know, Mrs. Kenney. The cleaners are having to cut their deliveries. Sit tight, and they'll come through."

Trouble in the engine-room: try to get materials for plumbing repairs. Coal may be rationed. No more nickel-plating. "What shall we do?"

Trouble in the electrician's: no copper wire to be had. "Tell me, Mr. Cummings, how can I make repairs with string?"

"Make a note, Mr. Shriver."

"Yes, sir. You're wanted on the phone."

"This is McKetchnie, Mr. Cummings. I'm waiting for the pay-rolls."

"In an hour, Mac. I forgot them. I'll have to leave you, Mr. Shriver—pay-rolls to sign. Meet me right after lunch, and I'll inspect the vacancies with you."

Lunch-time, and the lobby was nearly full.

He went on into his office and uncapped his fountain-pen.

Watching him sign the pay-rolls, Miss Reagan thought he looked weary. "You need a rest, Mr. Cummings," she said, with the privilege of long service. "Is something wrong to-day?"

He didn't answer for a long time, but wrote steadily until he had put his name to the last of the pile. Then he looked up. "Work keeps one going," he said. "Will that do?"

The two British fliers who had checked in earlier were at the bar in the air-conditioned grill, laughing with two girls. Arthur Cummings stared at the boys' companions.

"You certainly need someone to show you around and maybe that someone is me," he heard the dark girl say archly. Cummings had not seen her before, but thought he knew her companion.

A waiter spotted the manager and signalled the head, who went for Cummings' order.

"Dubonnet," said Cummings, and moved his head slightly toward the bar. "Tell me, Paul, do you know those two? I've seen that blonde before, haven't I?"

"Regulars, sir," said Paul, without looking round.

"Know anything about them?" "The blonde, sir. A little trouble four months ago. An officer with her had lost his money—but she paid the cheque, sir."

"Sweet of her," said Cummings shortly. "Get Malone, quietly."

Cummings left the table and strolled to the bar. "Well," he said heartily, "it's nice to see you're enjoying yourselves. How do you fellows like your rooms?"

Pilot-Officer Wren looked blank, then colored to his youthful eyes. "This is—er, Miss—Mister—" he stammered.

"Yes," said Arthur Cummings. "I know the ladies."

"What do you mean?" the brunette asked. "We've never—"

"I think you have," said Cummings, his grey eyes grown flinty. "I'm sure you know Mr. Malone in the doorway over there. He told me you had an engagement this afternoon—and to-night as well."

The blonde slid down from her stool. "Now, isn't that funny," she said, with a winning smile. "I'd forgotten all about that, Tess, hadn't you?"

"Yes," said the other. "Well, happy landings, boys. I'm afraid we won't be seeing you."

Please turn to page 14

By BAYNARD KENDRICK

uniforms, and alike as ears of corn.

They found Sterns, the Coffee Shop manager, figuratively on his ear. "I'm supposed to sell coffee," he wailed at sight of Cummings.

"People who use sugar don't want one teaspoonful. They either take nothing or two. Add the fact that coffee and tea are getting scarcer every day. What's the answer?"

Mr. Shriver made notes in his little book.

"Buy War Bond, Sterns," Cummings told him with a sympathetic grin. "We'll be okay when we win."

He gave the irate Sterns a friendly clap on the shoulder. "I have your memo about the broken coffee urn. I called the rationing board about new parts yesterday. It takes time, but I'm doing everything I can."

"Make a note," said Cummings, "to send two passes up to those boys in twelve-sixteen. They'd probably like a dip in the swimming-pool."

Trouble in the kitchen. That fiery artist, M. Benoit, chief extraordinaire, had heard mutterings by the pastrycook, whose first name was Hans. M. Benoit had accused Hans

MIRACLES FOR MARDIE

By COLE TURNLEY



"Is that you, Irene?"
"Yes, Hullo, Mardie."
Irene's voice always sounded so brittle over the phone, but she was really a dear, so Mardie went on excitedly, "I had to tell you—I've had a miracle!"

"A what?"
"A miracle. It's happened to me, I mean. You know Plophi, my little dog?"

"A nodding acquaintance."
"Well, he brought home a rabbit's foot."

"Well, it's a beginning. You can hardly expect him to bring home a whole rabbit till he's had a 'little more experience.'"

"No, I don't mean just any old rabbit's foot. It's the lucky charm sort. It's worked a miracle for me already!"

"Really?"
"I wished on it, you see. I wished that Arthur hurry up and come home on leave. And do you know what?"

"He popped up through the floor?"
"No, not exactly," Mardie admitted reluctantly. "But only an hour after I'd wished," she continued, regaining her excitement, "I got a telegram to say he'd be here day after to-morrow."

"Fancy that," said Irene. "And he's been expecting to get leave for the last three months, too."

"I'm going to take a ticket in the lottery and make a wish that I'll win it!"

"I've just taken a ticket myself, foolishly thinking I had a chance."

"Never mind, darling. When I win I'll give you your money back."

Arthur, who'd been a keen home gardener before joining the Air Force, didn't take very kindly to Plophi, having got first sight of his tousled head over the rim of a small crater which was being dug in the lawn. Mardie was upset until she remembered her rabbit's foot, and made a wish on it that the two would soon grow friendly.

A couple of days afterward Arthur smiled wryly and remarked, "That's not such a bad little mong you've picked up, you know. I think he likes me... What are you looking so excited about?"

"Another miracle!"
"Nothing so miraculous about a man who's always been fond of animals taking a liking to a dog, surely?"

"But you didn't like him at first,"
"Yes, I did. But I wasn't over-keen on his idea of fun on the lawn. I'm still not."

"But you like him just the same. See how miraculous it is? I wished, that's why. Wait a minute. I'll show you." She rushed off and came back with the foot, but her recital of its magical powers left Arthur unconvinced. "It's no good telling me about coincidences," Mardie scolded him. "Everyone always says these things are coincidences. It makes me mad."

"Why don't you try it out on something that's undeniably magic?"
"How do you mean?"

"Say, for instance, you ask for a new hat, and see if one appears?"

"All right," Mardie returned. "I'll wish for that lovely blue hat that Irene and I looked at last Friday. I'll wish now." With the rabbit's foot clasped in her hand she made the wish in a solemn whisper.

"I don't see it," said Arthur. She looked about the room. "Oh, well, it mightn't act straight away," she conceded, dampened. "You didn't come home on leave till two days after—and you didn't get to like Plophi straight away, either."

"All right, we'll see what to-morrow brings forth," Arthur agreed.

Next morning Arthur said he wanted to do some business for a friend in his unit who hadn't been able to get leave. He said maybe the hat would have appeared by the time he got back. But it hadn't—and it still hadn't appeared next morning.

He'd just finished helping Mardie wash up after lunch when the front door-bell rang. He went to answer it while Mardie got rid of her apron. It was Irene. He brought her to join Mardie in the living-room.

"I've only dropped in to say hullo to Arthur," Irene said. "And I thought I just might cedge a cigarette into the bargain. I've run right out."

"I've left mine in the bedroom, I think," said Arthur.

Arthur began to walk from the room, and Irene said, "Oh, don't you bother, Arthur. I want to talk to you. Mardie, dear, you're not going to stand there and let your husband run errands while he's on his leave, are you?"

Mardie made a small, disgusted, twitty noise, and went off to the bedroom.

"Nice work," Arthur told Irene, his voice rumbling low and conspiratorial.

Smiling whimsically, Irene slid into an armchair near him.

An excited squeal emanated from the direction of the bedroom. Irene and Arthur exchanged confidential glances. Mardie whirled back, bearing a pale blue felt hat with a wide, sweeping brim. "Look! Look at this! Look!" She was like a kid on Christmas morning.

Irene displayed little excitement.

Arthur stood up. "Well, well, well!" he said. "The hat, eh?"

"What did I tell you! Look at that, now! Mardie's words tumbled out like twinkling bubbles. "Didn't I say we might have to wait a day or two? Didn't I say it was magic?"

"What's magic?" Irene asked tiredly.

"The hat, darling, the hat! It's just appeared! I wished on the rabbit's foot, and it just appeared—and it's the exact one I wished for. The one we looked at!"

"Marvellous!" Arthur summed up. "I'm dumbfounded," said Irene. Mardie controlled herself. "It can't be true, though—can it?" she asked them.

"Well, it's an amazing coincidence," Arthur commented.

"Yes, but you know—I mean, I don't really believe in magic—do I? I mean, nobody does."

"How did it get there, then?" Arthur checked her.

"Yes, that's right! It couldn't have just flown in, could it?"

"That's exactly what it could have done, according to the rabbit's foot theory," Irene pointed out.

"Oh, Irene, do you think so?"

"Darling, I'm too utterly stupefied to think of a thing."

"Are you? Well, I don't know what to think."

There was another ring at the front door.

"Oh, dear, who can that be?" Mardie flustered. "Will you take the hat, Irene? I don't know what to do with it. Heavens, I'm all of a dither."

When she left, Irene and Arthur burst out laughing.



"Why don't you try it on something that's undeniably magic," Arthur said.

"Here," Irene had taken a partly clipped sheet of Service personnel clothing coupons from her bag. "I'd better give these back to you before I forget in the excitement."

"Thanks," said Arthur. "And thanks again for getting it for me."

"My dear man, you never need to thank a woman for buying a hat—even someone else's."

Mardie came in again looking flushed and more excited than ever. "It's mother," she announced. A white-haired little lady in black had entered the room behind her. Before anyone could exchange greetings Mardie had rushed up to Arthur, waving a copy of the afternoon paper. "Look, look!" she was squealing. "The lottery results! Look at the winning number!"

Even Irene rose up from her lethargy and came to peer round Arthur's shoulder.

"If you look down you'll see we've won a fiver," Mardie's mother said. "Well, that's something," Irene responded philosophically.

"Oh—h—h—" Mardie's lower lip pouted plaintively. Her buoyancy had drained out. "And I thought the rabbit's foot had made just a tiny little mistake it couldn't help..."

"What do you mean?" Arthur queried, surprised. "We've won a fiver. That's not bad."

"But I didn't wish to win a fiver!" she snapped petulantly, as though he'd blithered something idiotic. "I wished to win the lottery!"

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THE RIDDLE

Mystified and intrigued, they labored hard to interpret the clues given in the manuscript.

By
**ARTHUR
WYBORN**

A HINT of tears was in the girl's dark eyes as she handed the frayed, torn paper to the young man. "That's the riddle. It has puzzled our family for over a hundred years!" she said. "If we could only solve it!"

The faded writing was difficult to read. He took it over to the window. A puzzled frown clouded his face as he scanned it.

"It is not in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth. 'Tis not in the ocean, nor in the trees, nor in the streams of the earth. Fire cannot harm it, nor the winds scatter it, nor the rains drench it. 'Tis neither in wood nor in brick. 'Tis in the rocks. Disintegrated rocks of olden time surround it, and calcined rocks hide it from the sight of man. A cubit up and down within its encompassing rocks it lies, central within the four, beneath the mark nigh at hand."

"Phew!" Jim Alton whistled as he finished reading the strange words. "It's a puzzle, all right—if the whole thing isn't a hoax, Ann."

"It's supposed to contain the clue to the hiding-place of some jewels that belonged to an ancestor of mine. He'd invested almost his entire fortune in them," said Ann. "That paper has been handed down to each generation of our family from the time of Roger Wallen, my great-grandfather. He built this house nearly a hundred and twenty years ago."

"But it doesn't make sense!" Jim objected. "It says distinctly, 'Not in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth.' You couldn't hide anything, except in those places."

"Some of our family have thought it was a hoax, because of that part of it, Jim; but Dad and I often talked about it—the part where it says 'nor in the earth beneath'—it doesn't say 'nor on the earth beneath.' We both thought that it meant that the jewels were not buried in the earth, but were hidden somewhere on it!"

"That's an idea, Ann! That part might've been put in just to make it harder."

Jim turned to her eagerly, but as their eyes met both momentarily forgot the riddle of the missing jewels. Their thoughts were back to the day, less than two months before, when they had met at the camp where they were both stationed, Jim in the A.I.F., Ann in the A.W.S.

Each had been instantly attracted to the other—each recognised the attraction as something vital, inevitable in their lives. Six weeks later Ann was given compassionate leave on the sudden death of her father—and a week later Jim himself had arrived in Sydney on leave.

"Listen, Ann!" Jim's arm was suddenly round her. "I was so glad I was due for leave just now. I came straight here to take you out of it all . . . to marry you!"

"Oh, Jim!" she faltered, then drew away from him. "I—I can't think of anything like that just now. You see, things are rather bad for me here." She paused, then went on:

"Dad and I were the only ones left of all our family . . . and I didn't know just how badly off we were until Dad died. Then the solicitor told me. She bit her lip, then went on: 'This house has to be sold to pay the debts—it won't bring much, because it's in such a bad state . . . we couldn't spend money on it. As a matter of fact, for some time there's been no one here but Dad and old Mr. and Mrs. Mullins, who have been looking after him and the place.'"

She sighed. "I have to leave the old place in a week from now, the solicitor says!"

"You're going to do just that, darling—as my wife!" Again Jim drew her to him, and this time she made no resistance.

Presently they returned to the practical things of life. Jim picked up the ancient paper from the table where he had laid it. "It seems we've just one week in which to puzzle this thing out; always assuming, of course, that it really does contain the clue. You say some jewels were hidden, Ann?"

"Yes," she replied. "It's always been understood in our family that they were valued at £15,000 when they were stolen!"

"Stolen!" cried Jim. "I thought you said they were hidden!"

"So they were!" She went on to tell him the full story. Roger Wallen, her great-grandfather, was an uncouth, ignorant man who had become rich by rather dubious means in the early days of the Colony. He had built this home for the entertainment of his friends. It was the show place of his district.

Wallen had an assigned servant, who had been transported for some political offence. The convict was actually a cultured man, whose education would have fitted him for some responsible post in Sydney. But he was so bitter at his transportation that he antagonised people who might have helped him.

Finally he was assigned as a common servant to Roger Wallen, who, knowing the man to be his superior mentally, seized every opportunity his narrow, ignorant mind could invent to humiliate the unfortunate man.

One day he had him flogged for an offence of which, it was shown later, he was not guilty. This was too much, and the convict committed suicide. But before he died he stole the jewels and hid them, leaving this riddle to torment Roger Wallen . . . and his descendants.

ANN looked wistfully round the room—at the cracked ceiling, the discolored walls, the broken lock on the door. "It must have been beautiful once!" she murmured.

Jim nodded. "Let's go for a wander round," he said. "It may give us an inspiration for the solving of the riddle. I'll bring the paper with me!"

As they wandered on, Jim read and re-read the convict's riddle until he almost knew it by heart, but they gained no gleam of light by their inspection of the house. Finally old Mrs. Mullins called them in for a meal.

"Y'know, Ann," said Jim, when they were again seated in the room from which they had started, "the careful way this riddle's worded makes me think it's true . . . that it really does give the clue that's needed, if we could only hit the key. Take this bit: 'Fire cannot harm it, nor the winds scatter it, nor the rains drench it; 'tis in the rocks . . . disintegrated rocks . . . calcined rocks . . . That's burnt rocks, Alice!'"

"An uncle of Dad's thought it might mean some sort of volcanic rock; but the rocks for miles round are sandstone . . . There aren't any volcanic rocks at all near here."

"Well, what about sandstone rocks that have been burned? It could be under a rock fireplace, or something, couldn't it? 'Calcined rocks hide it from the sight of man' . . . but any marks of soot or smoke would have been washed out years ago. It'd be a sweet job, searching for an ancient fireplace out in some sandstone gully or other, wouldn't it?"

Jim gave a rueful laugh. "If that is it, it'll only be found by sheer chance!"

"Different members of the family have searched the gullies in the

whole of this district," said Ann. "They thought of the fireplace idea, just as you did, Jim!"

But Jim was not to be put off. "I've a theory I want to try out," he said. "I'll need a chisel and hammer, and a tapeline such as surveyors use. I'll go out and buy 'em, and you and I will put my idea to the test!"

Until late that night they went over the whole building room by room, with a tapeline and notebook, taking accurate measurements. Then before he left for his own home, Jim sketched a rough plan of the house. Next morning he was back early, and they went over the outside of the stonework, taking the measurements with great care. His theory was that some space or hollow in the stonework might be discovered by means of the measurements; but they only proved that no such space existed.

"That's my number one theory knocked out!" said Jim, as he gazed thoughtfully at the ancient paper. "But I still think that 'within the four' means within the four walls of the house. It's this part about calcined rocks—burnt rocks—that's running round in circles in my brain. Burnt rocks—fireplaces! Dash it all, there are fireplaces in the house. Of all the dumb fools. Why didn't I think of that before?"

"I don't know if anyone has thought of that," Ann said quickly. "though they probably have!"

"Now look here—it says 'disintegrated, calcined rocks' . . . the stones of an open fireplace would be burned, wouldn't they? And if they cracked with the heat, that would start disintegration, I imagine? That's two points of the riddle. Then there's 'beneath the mark'—an open fireplace would have a stone arch, and if there's a mark on such an arch, that'd make three points in the riddle!"

Ann sprang up excitedly. There's a huge open fireplace in the great drawing-room!" she exclaimed, "and it has a stone arch over it!"

"The very place! Quick! Let's go round to the other wing and

Ann's eyes were shining with excitement as Jim attacked the hearthstone with a crowbar.

have a look at the arch—it sounds good to me!"

Hurriedly Ann got a hurricane-lamp, while Jim searched for and found a shovel and crowbar; then they hurried to the drawing-room. In the light of the torch Jim noted the gilded ornamentation on the stained and dilapidated walls of the room as they made their way to the great stone fireplace at one end.

"There's the mark!" Excitedly Jim pointed to the keystone of the arch—on it was carved a flying Cupid with arrow pointed almost straight down to the hearthstone. Ann's eyes were shining with excitement as Jim attacked the hearthstone energetically, forcing the crowbar savagely under its edge. Slowly he raised it, and between them they dragged it aside, gasping at the unwonted strain of such work.

Beneath it they found low rectangular stone walls, with the space between them filled to the level of the hearthstone with earth and rubble.

"THERE you are!" cried Jim, "there's the clue! 'Within the four' . . . a cubit up and down' . . . it's between these four low walls, buried in this rubbish!"

Feverishly he dug, and Ann helped where she could; down to the solid earth beneath they dug, but no sign of the treasure did they find. Weary and disappointed, they finally abandoned the search. Fervently Jim cursed as he looked at his blistered hands, and thought hard things about the old convict.

During the next few days they tried every fireplace in the house, because, as Jim said, "the mark might have been some temporary mark made by the convict, and removed during the years by someone who didn't realise what it meant." They worked furiously with

the crowbar and the shovel . . . but all to no avail. At the end of six days they were as far from discovering the hiding-place as when they started. Jim had even spent a whole day in the cobwebby depths under the floors, inspecting the stone foundations for any sign of a stone which might have been removed and replaced.

Every stone was as solidly fixed as when it was built into the walls, and his net result was a pair of bruised and badly blistered hands.

"It's no good," Ann finally said, despondently. "I've given up all hope now . . . I don't think it'll ever be found!"

"Listen," Jim's jaw was set. "I'm certain that convict hid the jewels; I'm equally certain that the clue is in that riddle! A riddle made by a human brain can be solved by a human brain—and I intend to keep going!"

He walked out into the sunlight; walked slowly round the house . . . down to the rusted wrought-iron gates giving entrance to the shabby drive. Then he turned and looked up at the roof . . . he had an idea that there might be some "mark" up there to guide him.

There was nothing unusual—nothing but the slates and the tall old-fashioned twisted chimneys. Dejectedly, he walked back, past the old sundial, and he saw by the shadow on the stone slab which formed its top that it was then a little past one o'clock. He pushed his way through the tall weeds and entered the house.

He was unusually silent as they sat at lunch . . . thinking hard. The riddle had by now become almost an obsession with him. Suddenly he jumped up from the table, tipping his chair over in his eagerness.

Please turn to page 17



WYBORN
ILLUSTRATION

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CREW members of the bomber R for Robert, FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT PETER MARSHALL, captain; SERGEANT-PILOT GUNNAR FRANCK, navigator; SERGEANT PHILLIPS, rear-gunner; and CORPORAL LEECH, wireless operator, are outstanding in teamwork and comradeship until SECTION-OFFICER GERVAISE ROBERTSON refuses to marry Marshall.

So much friction arises then that WING-COMMANDER DOBBIE sends all the crew on leave after Robert is damaged on a raid.

Gervase, dismayed, obtains permission for the crew to go fishing in a private lake, hoping to restore their comradeship. She also arranges to meet Marshall during his leave.

Now read on:

GERVAISE travelled up to London next morning, and got to Paddington before lunch. Marshall was waiting at the barrier to meet her; she greeted him rather shyly as he took her case.

"Hullo, Peter."

"Hullo, Gervase. I got your letter. Look, what would you like to do? Would you like to go and have lunch at the Zoo?"

Her face lit up. "Oh, that'd be fun!"

They lunched in the restaurant by a window looking out over the gardens. Gervase a little thoughtful. She had to tell Marshall some time during the afternoon about the fishing; now that the time had come she was unsure, afraid that he would be angry with her for having meddled in his trouble with his crew.

The more she thought of it the more difficult it seemed; constraint descended on them as the meal went on, and one or two long silences came which neither quite knew how to deal with.

It was a relief when the meal was over and they could get out to the animals. The elephant house did not seem to Gervase to be very suitable for finesse, nor did the atmosphere of the lion house engender confidences. The monkey house was fun but quite unsuitable for her purpose, and though the reptile house was quiet and dim, it was a little sinister.

But then he took her into the Aquarium, and she took courage from the fish. This was the place, she thought, if anywhere.

In the semi-darkness they paused by a green translucent window of trout. Gervase turned to Marshall. "I've got something to tell you about trout, Peter."

He glanced down and met her eyes, and thought again how lovely she was. "About trout?"

She hesitated for a moment. "I was talking to Sergeant Phillips the other night," she said. "He told me how bored he'd been when the fishing season stopped, and Gunnar Franck and Leech, too, hanging about the camp with nothing to do. And I remembered where we saw the trout that day in Kingslake Woods, and I went and asked the old lady in the house if she would mind if your crew went and fished for them."

"What did she say?"

"She said they might. She's got a lot of rods and things there, too, that they can use."

"Am I in on this?"

"If you want to be." There was a little pause; she raised her eyes to

PASTORAL

In the midst of their busy life comes a happy interlude for two young people

his. "You aren't angry because I did that?"

Impulsively he reached down for her hand and captured it. "Of course not," he said. "Whatever made you think I should be angry?"

She was relieved, both by his words and by the pressure of his hand, warm and friendly. "I thought you might be cross because I'd been meddling," she said. "We could have talked it over if you'd been at Hartley."

He had raised her hand to waist level, and now held it in captivity with both of his. "Did you really think that I'd be angry with you for meddling in my business?" he said. "Seems to me you haven't got the right idea at all."

She glanced up, and saw that he was laughing, and the tension was relaxed, and she laughed too. "It was only this once," she said. "I'm not going on meddling in your affairs as a regular thing."

He said: "Of course not." She looked up again and saw that he was laughing at her now.

She turned, laughing with him. "Come on, let's look at some more fish."

They paused before the pike in genuine interest. "That's what you ate a bit of," said the pilot. "Remember?"

Gervase remembered very well; it was dim in the hall before the pike-tank, and there

seeing. He thought she was most ravishingly beautiful.

Aunt Mary lent her a fur coat as a cloak, and gave her the latch-key.

They went forward happily together, and found a taxi and drove to the Piccadilly and had a dry Martini before going to the theatre. And while they were drinking this the pilot said: "What are we going to do to-morrow?"

Gervase glanced at him. "I hadn't thought about to-morrow. I ought to stay and see something of Aunt Mary."

"When have you got to be back at Hartley?"

"I've got to be back there to-morrow night. That means the four o'clock train from Paddington."

"I thought it would be nice to get some sandwiches and have the day in Kew Gardens," he paused. "All the spring flowers will be out now."

Gervase said innocently: "We could take Aunt Mary with us." He looked up and saw that she was laughing at him, and he said: "You can see all you want to of Aunt Mary next month. I told you I was going to work you hard this month."

Gervase thought for a moment. Spring flowers sounded lovely; she had never been to the Botanical Gardens at Kew, and she wanted to go. Curiously, the memory of the old lady in Kingslake House came to her mind, and her words: "Make up your mind quickly, and don't keep him waiting too long. You can't afford to dilly and dally in times like these."

She knew that that advice was right. A month should be time enough for her to make her mind up whether she wanted to spend her life married with Peter Marshall; in any case, that was all the time she had. It would be unfair to him to keep the matter dragging on longer than that, she felt; a girl of any character should know her mind within a month.

But here they were with nearly a week of that month already gone, and in that week they had met twice and written once each. When he got back to Hartley things would be constrained and difficult at their meetings in the mess. Time was denied to them, and opportunities were rare; she must not be silly over the ones they had, in fairness to themselves.

She smiled at him. "All right," she said. "I'll work. I don't know what Aunt Mary will think."

"I do," he said.

"So do I," said Gervase. "But it isn't true."

"Of course not," he said gravely. They caught each other's eye and burst out laughing, and got up and went off to the theatre.

They came out some hours later, weak with laughter, having held hands throughout each dim-lit act and moved decorously apart during each interval. They did not know their way about the Savoy, and that made their entrance into a pleasant adventure; presently they found themselves at the table that Marshall had reserved on the edge of the dance floor.

They started off with a smart argument about the drink. "We've not got to champagne yet," said Gervase firmly, "and for all I know we never will. And, anyway, we can't afford it."

"This night of all nights," said Marshall.

"This night of all nights," said Gervase. "I've evidently got to keep my wits about me. I'll have gingerale." She compromised to the extent of having gin in it; the wine waiter departed very much annoyed with her.

They dined well because they



"Would it spoil things if I kissed you?" he asked.

were very hungry, and they danced well enough to satisfy each other, which was all that mattered to them. They laughed at the cabaret and danced again, and suddenly it was midnight and everything was packing up. The car that Marshall had ordered was waiting for them, and they drove back to Hampstead, sitting very close together and arm-in-arm.

At the flats Marshall told the car to wait, and took Gervase in and up the stairs. In the dim passage she said: "I've had a lovely day, Peter. Thank you for being so nice to me."

They paused together. "Better than you thought it would be?" he inquired.

She hesitated. "Yes, it has been," she said. "I wasn't sure if I really wanted to come, but I'm glad I did."

He had both her hands by this time. "Would it spoil things if I kissed you?" he asked gently.

She did not answer. Ten seconds

later she could not have answered if she had wanted to.

She stood there in his arms, feeling comforted, secure, and infinitely alive. And standing so they talked in low tones about their arrangements for the next day. Presently they kissed again, and she slid out of his arms, and vanished into Aunt Mary's flat. Marshall went down to the waiting car and was driven back to his hotel, tired and content.

It was beautiful in the gardens next day. The whole place was a riot of color in the sunlight; every glade was full of blossoming trees. The pilot and the section-officer walked over the short grass silent with wonder; it was so beautiful that they could hardly speak about it.

Once Gervase stopped, somewhere near the Pagoda, and said quietly: "I've never seen anything so lovely in my life. Peter, did you know that it would be like this?"

Please turn to page 20

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PASTORAL - BREAM CREEK DISTRICT, TASMANIA

This sketch was drawn in the South-East Coastal district of Tasmania. On undulating slopes like these, where the mountains spread their low foothills to river and ocean, lush grass thrives in the rich volcanic soil. It is from here that Cadbury's obtain some of the milk for Dairy Milk Chocolate.

It is brought from the dairies to Cadbury's factory every day and is incorporated straight into the Chocolate. No wonder Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate is so creamy and so rich in vitamins. However, owing to the needs of the Services and transport regulations we are unable to distribute in New South Wales.



CADBURY MEANS QUALITY

D.M.P. 62.10

Backward peoples must be world's concern



NATIVE CHILDREN in a kindergarten class in Africa, where only a few of thousands have been able to receive health and education benefits.



IN BURMA only fifty-four out of every thousand children go to school. These boys of school age are working as laborers mending roads in the mountains.

Dr. Evatt explains trusteeship proposals at San Francisco

Written specially for *The Australian Women's Weekly*

By **DR. H. V. EVATT**

Australian delegate to the San Francisco Conference

The future welfare of the peoples of "colonial or dependent" territories is of great importance to every thoughtful Australian.

In my view the new world organisation should contain a public declaration that the Member Powers accept the principle that the administration of less advanced peoples is a trust, and that the main purpose of such administration is the welfare and advancement of these peoples.

THIS principle of trusteeship was accepted by those nations which took charge of mandates after the last war.

The Covenant of the League of Nations said that: "The well-being and development of peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world is a sacred trust of civilisation."

In my view, this should apply to other territories just as much as to Mandates.

Australia is endeavoring to make certain that the Charter of the United Nations will in fact include such a general pledge covering all non-self-governing territories.

As a "trustee" is generally expected to give an account of his stewardship, it follows that the provisions of the charter could well include furnishing annual reports to an advisory body of expert colonial administrators.

There are some areas, including those often referred to as primitive, backward, or under-developed, in which the lot of the peoples would

be improved enormously by a trusteeship system, as has already been shown in the case of some Mandates.

There is no essential difference between the task of improving the welfare of peoples of the territories which are not "mandated" and the task in the case of Mandates.

The progress of all backward peoples is as important to civilisation as the progress and welfare of peoples of territories taken from our enemies and subsequently mandated.

What is good in one case should be good in another.

Therefore we should favor the regular forwarding to an independent expert body of full information concerning the welfare and progress of the inhabitants of all less-advanced territories whether they are mandated territories or not.

The United Nations are bound by the Atlantic Charter to endeavor to assure to "All men in all lands" freedom from want as well as from fear.

It is common knowledge that in many dependent territories want is widespread.

There is room for considerable improvement in matters of nutrition, health, and education.

Reports of studies by an independent expert body, including technicians, in the fields of health, education, anthropology, and colonial administration, would unquestion-



DR. H. V. EVATT, one of Australia's two delegates to the San Francisco Conference, talking with Mr. Churchill in London.

ably stimulate and assist more energetic action to improve the conditions of dependent peoples.

Figures collected just before the war and published by J. S. Furnivall in his book, "Educational Progress in South-east Asia," show that of every 1000 children in Indo-China, only 24 were at school; in the Netherlands Indies only 40 of every 1000; and even in the Philippines, which had the best record, only 115.

Figures for other territories of South-east Asia were: Burma, 54; Malaya, 77; Thailand, 106; Formosa, 113.

All through these countries eight or more children out of ten were receiving no schooling.

There is no doubt more could be done, and that an expert body under world organisation could help.

For the sake of their own prestige, moreover, the nations responsible for people not able to do everything for themselves would do more for these peoples if they had to render a regular account of their work.

We all know that poverty and ignorance go hand in hand with ill-health.

In many dependent areas the public-health services are very backward, sanitation is poor, midwifery primitive, and malnutrition rife.

In a report on Nutrition in the Colonial Empire, in July, 1939, the Economic Advisory Council stated: "Throughout the greater part of the Colonial Empire the fundamental cause of malnutrition is the low standard of living of many of its inhabitants. Ignorance is a very important factor, also."

"In almost every part of the Colonial Empire the income of a very large proportion of the population is a long way below the minimum required for satisfactory nutrition."

Conditions vary widely. In some territories they are shameful. In others much progress was being made before the war.

It is useless to expect improvement without expenditure of money. Much could be done by means of direct Government grants for education and public health, including research.

Indirectly also, money spent on agricultural research and organised marketing would help to raise standards of living.

The exchange of information and ideas between colonial administrations through reports to the United Nations would be a great advantage to this task of civilisation.

Proposals under discussion at San Francisco call for a general declaration of trusteeship so far as all undeveloped and backward peoples are concerned. Such a declaration would undoubtedly be a step forward.

Australia can justly claim great credit for having brought this proposal forward. I am now confident that this general declaration, first suggested by Australia, will be adopted by all 49 nations.

See page 11 for further conference news, cabled from San Francisco by our editor, Mrs. Alice Jackson.

Anyone who wants to talk finds an audience

This must be the greatest talkfest held in world history. Apart from the master UNCIO, with its commissions and committees, this town is full of little UNCIOs.

IT is a safe bet that every hour of a working day from nine a.m. to midnight there is some group of earnest men and women in one of the city's lesser auditoriums debating, considering, criticising every development of the big UNCIO of the Opera House and Veterans' Building.

At practically every official social function someone comes up asking for "the inside dope" on any Press conference which they were unable to attend "Because I have only a grey card, you know."

They usually add, honestly, "Really, I've no right to be here, but fortunately I've got a very good friend."

It took a while to sort them all out. Small wonder, for apparently every organisation in America with a membership of one-plus is represented here with quite a few extra one-man or one-woman shows.

Officially the State Department allowed 42 selected labor, business, farm, church, women's, veterans', and other organisations to send one

official consultant and two advisers each.

Then, softened up by the clamant blitz of the uninvited, it set up a public relations liaison branch building near the Veterans' Building as headquarters of a public liaison group consisting of 230 representatives from 14 other organisations.

These get numbered grey cards entitling them to hand-outs of conference doctrines and the use of a moderate-sized lecture-room for their own little UNCIOs.

Every day some United States delegation member talks to this little UNCIO about some aspect of the big UNCIO—for example, about the world court voting on the plan for trusteeships.

Also, there is an endless group of discussions and addresses.

Almost anyone who has anything to say gets a chance to talk.

Groups represented include many world-famous organisations such as YMCA and Y.W.C.A., W.C.T.U., Society of Friends, and some whom I must confess, I never previously heard of, such as the Sons and Daughters of African Descent, B'nai, Brith, and Alpha.

Cabled by our Editor,
Mrs. ALICE JACKSON
from San Francisco.

Then there are the one-man or one-woman shows, centring round a personality attended by a small following, but sometimes with a fair influence.

There are pathetic optimists, like the Red Indians, who have gone home now—and finally the simple hatters.

Public interest never seems to flag. Elsewhere in the city other club groups have organised lectures, with delegates as star platform speakers.

Typical was one I attended last evening, organised by the International Centre, held in the High School auditorium, which was packed to capacity with an audience listening with rapt attention to excellent addresses on Iran by Dr. Sadigh Schafagh, delegate, Member of Parliament, and Professor of Literature at Teheran University; and on Czechoslovakia, by delegate Dr. Ernest Sture.

Most notable of such gatherings was the daylong United Women's Conference discussion last Saturday when, in the morning, afternoon, and evening sessions, women leaders of

United States, Australia, Brazil, China, England, Norway, and Uruguay took as their theme, "Women's share in implementing peace."

Usually with wit and always with wisdom, every speaker drove to the heart of the problem of which some aspect was manifest to every little UNCIO—the fact that all peace machinery must be operated by human beings.

In these great gatherings of earnest, able women there was evident a strong determination to ensure that women shall be permitted to do their share in making the machinery work.

So far as one can sum up such a wealth of words in a few sentences, it may be fairly reported these women know that being a woman and loving peace is not enough. Public opinion is made by table talk of families.

Women must not only bear and rear children. They must inform and guide them to fight for their peace with every weapon put into women's hands by the new world charter.

Highlight of the closing session, and echoed in the heart of every woman present, was the passionate words of Jan Masaryk: "You women know what you want, and I hope to God you get it."

Editorial

JUNE 9, 1945.

AUSTRALIAN SWATHE

(Cabled from San Francisco.)

MUCH time of the forty-five smaller nations at UNCIO has been devoted to driving a wedge into the idea originally prevailing that any attempt to amend the Dumbarton Oaks proposals was mere 'perfectionism.'

The little nations did not dispute the overall importance of the power of the Security Council with its responsibility of maintaining peace. But they consider the General Assembly a more democratic body.

Five permanent council seats are allotted to the Great Powers. In the Assembly each nation has equal power and representation.

In the campaign to enhance the influence of the General Assembly the "little forty-five" have battled to make it a world House of Commons with extremely wide powers of discussion and recommendation.

Impatient world planners have taken exception to delays, but the "little forty-five" stuck doggedly to their view that it is useless trying to create a new world in seven days.

The Press has been quick to acknowledge Australia's influence.

Though it is too early to say exactly what amendments will be written into the new charter, it is certain that out of San Francisco will come a better world charter than the Dumbarton Oaks proposals.

History will credit some of the significant improvements to Australia's influence. It is clear that Australia has cut a swathe at UNCIO, which has given her a new importance in international affairs.

—THE EDITOR.

Canadian oats for breakfast

GOOD breakfast news from Commonwealth Food Control authorities.

Arrangements have just been completed for the importation of enough oats from Canada for housewives to serve porridge again through the winter months.

Also hurrying across the Pacific soon will be ships carrying grain sorghums from the United States to help feed Australia's pigs and poultry. It will be served to them in mash to supplement their wheat ration.

Sorghum resembles maize, but is not quite as valuable because the grains are smaller.

Its greatest claim to fame is its drought resistance ability as a summer crop. It has been principally developed in the United States, but has been successfully grown in Queensland.

With the news that sorghums will soon be on the way to help combat July's zero hour for the nation's stock food supplies, comes an assurance from the Commonwealth Department of Agriculture that fowls will lay just as well on a sorghum diet as they do on a wheat menu.

Experts' tips on testing eggs

EGGS are not likely to be really plentiful until the end of the war, because of heavy Service demands.

Expert advice to housewives on preserving them is given by Mr. John Mead, bacteriologist at the Egg Marketing Board's laboratory, N.S.W.

Here it is: "Make sure eggs are absolutely fresh. If preserved correctly, they can be expected to keep for two to three months.

"Test in a darkened room by holding them in front of a light.

"Use a torch, or cut a hole in a piece of cardboard placed between the egg and the light. (The egg should be illuminated against the circle of light.)

"Watch the size of the air cell. This is a rounded area at the blunt end of the egg, indicated by its brown edge.

"If already large, then the egg is stale. The smaller the cell the fresher the egg.

"Watch for cracks in the shell. Tiny ones can be seen with the naked eye when the egg is held to the light.

"It is useless to preserve eggs if the shell is cracked, because bacteria have probably already entered through the crack.

"The tested fresh eggs should be smeared thickly with egg-preserver or put into a tin of waterglass.

"Store in a cool place. If stored in a refrigerator, keep them dry."

"Another simple method of keeping eggs fresh is to submerge them in boiling water for six seconds.

"The heat kills bacteria if already present in the egg.

"Eggs preserved this way will have a small part of the white coagulated by the heat.

"During World War I the Germans preserved eggs by this method, and made sure of freshness by literally 'light boiling' them.

"Eggs best for preserving are those bought between July and the end of October, the months which follow the hen's winter rest from laying.

COMMONWEALTH COMMUNIQUE

THE BRIGHTER FUTURE

MUCH drudgery will be removed from housework after the war by a new "air-cleaning" device (cables our New York office).

This invention, perfected by Westinghouse Electric Corporation, removes dust and grime from the air before it enters the home.

Tungsten wires positively charge dirt particles, which then stick to negatively charged steel plates. Walls and furniture remain dust free for months in homes equipped with this "precipitron."

The unit now costs 300 dollars, which will probably be halved when it is mass-produced.

Two million women in the home

FORTY per cent. of cards filled in for the occupational survey, taken last week-end, were returned by housewives.

Two million of the two and three-quarter million Australian civilian women are engaged in household duties.

This survey, designed to gather information for guidance in the switch-over of industry from war to peace, was for civilians only. Separate arrangements have been made for Service surveys.

In the 1933 census it was shown that only four per cent. of married women under 30 worked outside the home. In the 1943 survey the figure rose to 18 per cent.

Factory workers among all women working totalled 22 per cent. in 1933, and 33 per cent. in 1943.

In wartime, girls have married younger. Between 1921 and 1930 63 per cent. of girls under 25 were wed. In 1942 the figure rose to 77 per cent., or three out of every four.

Why pepper is hard to buy

UNLIKE Alaric the Goth (Rome's first conqueror, who demanded of the fallen city a ransom including 3000lb. of pepper), the average housewife must these days be contented with an occasional ounce.

Pepper, one of the oldest known spices, is grown mainly in the Netherlands East Indies, Malaya, Ceylon, some parts of India, Siam, and Indo-China, and since the Japanese war the bulk of world supplies has been cut off.

Black and white pepper comes from the fruit of *Piper nigrum*, a climbing shrub, the black from the dried fruit, the white from the ripe.

The tree known in Australia as the pepper tree does not produce pepper, and has no commercial value. It is purely ornamental, and was originally introduced from Brazil. Its botanical name is *Schinus molle*.

YOUR COUPONS

Here are the current new food coupons. There is no change in coupon rating and time available.

Meat (as in last month of the old ration year) is at rate of seven coupons for four weeks for adults. Four available in first fortnight, stay valid for the four weeks. Three available in second fortnight.

For children: Four for two weeks (one and two available for whole four weeks, three and four for second fortnight only).

TEA: 1 to 4. BUTTER: 1 to 3. SUGAR: 1 and 2. MEAT: 1 to 4. CLOTHING: B 07-112 (old card). Y 1-56 (new card).

Cables to liberated countries

THE announcement of the resumption of a cable service with liberated Norway sent Norwegian seamen in Australian ports hurrying to cable offices.

Many of the men have been away from their homes for more than six years. Some have had news of their families and wives in brief Red Cross messages which, on arrival, were weeks old.

Cables can also be sent to Holland, Denmark, and France, but air-mail letters can yet only be sent to the southern part of Holland and most parts of France.

A PMG spokesman explained that it was simpler to resume cable services than postal facilities, which require more complex organisation.

Now we have our new ration books

OPTIMISTIC housewives who hoped for relaxation of house linen rationing were disappointed when new ration scales were announced, but thankful nevertheless, for other reductions.

The 15 per cent. reduction on piece goods means that 38in. material will now be two and a half coupons per yard instead of three; 54in. four and a quarter coupons instead of five. Other widths reduced proportionately.

Half as much again knitting wool may be bought as on last year's rating, and circular rayon stockings are coupon free for six months.

Stocks of house-linen would not be sufficient to supply demand if coupon ratings were reduced.

Interesting People

MISS N. DANGAR

Red Cross in Europe

FIRST Australian Red Cross woman worker to enter Europe since the war, Miss Norren Dangar, of Sydney, is liaison officer on administrative side of British Red Cross Civilian Relief. Will gain practical experience in relief organisation. Has been stationed in France and Holland. Miss Dangar went to England last year on Red Cross duty. Toured hospitals and medical units as Red Cross observer. Previously was deputy divisional commandant, N.S.W. Division of Australian Red Cross.

CAPTAIN W. A. DARGIE

historical picture

LATEST assignment for official Australian war artist, Captain W. A. Dargie, of Victoria, is preparation of topographical studies and color notes to be used in the painting of a new series of historical pictures for Australia's War Memorial at Canberra. For this purpose he will visit Greece, Crete, El Alamein, and other scenes of Australian campaigns in Middle East. Captain Dargie was attached to Australian infantry formations in Libya, Syria, Australia and New Guinea. In October last he went to India, where he completed a period of service with R.A.A.F. He was winner of the Archibald Prize in 1941 and 1942.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep.

Lighter side of the San Francisco Conference

Plate shortage, laundry trouble, name and language problems

Cabled from San Francisco
By ALICE JACKSON
Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly

While serious business is conducted in many weighty sessions at the San Francisco Conference, lighter side-lights keep popping up and delegates, advisers and reporters all have a quota of good "fringe" stories.

Here are some of the stories I have heard between sessions of the conference and at social gatherings.

PRESIDENT of the Federation of Women's Clubs told us to-day that three young girls waylaid her for her autograph. Just as she was about to write in their proffered books one snatched hers away, saying:

"Pardon me, madam, but someone much more important than you has just arrived."

THE long lobbies of delegates' hotels are still

squirrel cages, where sightseers and autograph hunters are waiting to pounce on little discharging notables. Five hundred returned servicemen have been given "light" duty as lobby guards.

With the many foreign uniforms much amusing confusion about saluting arises.

Anyone gold-braided gets a salute, so lobby guards are frequently chagrined to find they have thrown a snappy salute to hotel doormen.

AUSTRALIAN film star Shirley Ann Richards told me that French General Le Porte stopped to speak to her in the hotel lobby. When he passed she was mobbed by the crowd. Laughing, Ann said:

"I thought, isn't this grand, they are fans who have recognised me from pictures."

"My hopes were dashed when a woman called out: 'Say, honey, who was that wonderful man with all the gold braid?'"

ONE Red Cross volunteer was on usher duty at the conference when down the aisle came Field-Marshal Jan Christian Smuts.

As she led the famous old statesman to his seat he placed his hand on her arm and smilingly asked: "Aren't you pretty tired of seeing our same old faces every day?"

THEN there was the experience of the credential checker who was coping with a rush of delegates with outstretched cards.

Along came a man without an identity button or card.

"May I see your credentials, please?" the harassed checker asked, scarcely glancing at the handsome gentleman.

"Sorry, I'm afraid I haven't got them, but if it's any help I'm — er — I'm Anthony Eden."



LORD HALIFAX, British Ambassador to U.S.A., helped a photographer.

YESTERDAY, at a big reception for Russians, a harassed young woman dashed up to a group of people pleading, "Won't someone find me a Russian, please?"

"I must have a Russian to put on



SAUDI-ARABIAN Princes Nawaf Ibn Abdul Aziz (in chair) and Abdullah El Faisal visited the dentist when they accompanied their country's delegation to the conference.

the air with me in five minutes' time. This Russian reception has got every other doggone nation in the world here except Russians."

Someone obliged. "Over there in that corner that man is probably an admiral, anyhow, he is a Russian."

A little later the girl returned, apparently exhausted, gasping: "Landakes, can you beat that! I asked that guy would he say a few words on my programme, and he said 'Certainly'."

"Then I put him on the air and he spoke in Russian."

THERE is considerable wear and tear on the luncheon-room crockery at the Veterans' Building, so a telegram was sent to Washington:

"Serious shortage of plates. Can we now use paper plates?"

Two days later the reply came: "Certainly, cannot use paper plates."

LAUNDERING delegates' shirts is a big headache to hotel laundries. The white shirts generally worn are now extremely scarce.



MR. ANTHONY EDEN, British Foreign Minister, was one of six delegates awarded Honorary Doctorate of Laws at University of California.



FIRST-AID POST for any accidents or sudden illness among delegates was opened in the Opera House. Girls of U.S. Women's Army Corps and U.S. Women's Naval Reserve on duty.

They are no longer made, as white materials are needed for special war purposes, so country stores are combed for extras.

The laundry of the St. Francis, the diplomatic hotel, handles 200 white shirts a day.

Latin Americans favor luxurious white silk shirts. Their estimated cost is about \$8 Australian each.

Silk pyjamas cost about £15 to £20 a pair.

The Saudi-Arabians wear the finest white material in their exquisite head-dress, encircled with gleaming gold head-ropes, and finest handkerchief linen for their ankle-length robe worn under the aba or burnoose—a sleeveless garment of brown mohair.

New clauses triumph for women, says Mrs. Street

Six nations sent women delegates to the UNCIO Conference at San Francisco — China, Brazil, Canada, Dominican Republic, United States, and Uruguay.

ANOTHER score of women were selected as assistant delegates, advisers and technical experts, from the United Kingdom, United States, France, Mexico, Norway, and the Philippines. This little band of women, pathetically weak numerically, nevertheless exercises considerable influence by serving on committees.

Work of the conference is conducted by 12 closed committees under four principal commissions. The committees consider and recommend draft provisions for parts of the United Nations charter.

Acceptance or recommendation does not necessarily mean final ratification and inclusion in the charter, but does represent a healthy beginning, and invariably signifies much painstaking work.

Contacting and co-operating with the committee women are their country's important women's organisations.

Australia weighed in with support from the six hundred organisations comprising the National Council of Women and the Federation of Women Voters.

For committee women, work stops only long enough to let them snatch hasty meals and inadequate sleep. For example, Australia's vigorous, well-informed, forceful Jessie Street acts on five committees with a minimum of four meetings daily. Her day starts at 10 a.m., and she is lucky if it is finished at midnight.

The ambition of these women is to see that women's rights, identified with those of men—equality of status, opportunity, responsibility, and rewards—shall be explicitly written into the world charter.

Mrs. Street told me: "We are delighted that the Great Powers so early laid down the principles dealing with these aims."

"Many people argue that women's rights are assumed in the charter, which will be a bill of rights for all human beings, but we don't believe in taking chances or leaving any vagueness concerning the matter of women's rights."

"Past experience shows that unless women's privileges are directly stated, they are excluded."

With understandable pride and triumph, Mrs. Street handed me copies of amendments now written into the proposed chapters of the new charter as a result of her committee labors. These include in chapter one an additional clause: "To foster respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms without discrimination against race, sex, condition, or creed."

Equal status

A CLAUSE inserted in chapter five provided: "That representation and participation in general international organisation be open to men and women under equal conditions." In a clause in chapter nine, after the words "respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms," is an added clause, "and foster the democratic principle of equality of status, opportunity, and responsibility for men and women."

Finally, as an addition to chapter ten: "We urge that among specifications to be established governing the administration of the general international organisation there shall be included a clause stating any position shall be open to men and women."

Don't ask me how she does it, but in addition to conscientious attendance on committees, indefatigable



MRS. JESSIE STREET, Australian official adviser.

Mrs. Street has visited various industrial projects, spoken to several big assemblies, creating an excellent impression of clarity in the exposition of Australia's viewpoints, problems, and aspirations.

"I think Australia and New Zealand can be proud of their liberal progressive approach to the Dumbarton Oaks proposals," said Mrs. Street. "Our advocacy of full employment and raising the living standard is now generally endorsed."

—A.J.

SAN FRANCISCO hostesses are often puzzled how to address women delegates and wives.

One example is Dr. Wu Yifang, who is called Dr. Wu—the Chinese surname coming first.

The Latin American custom is more complicated.

The name of Adela Formosa Obregon de Santacilla, adviser to the Mexican delegation, is composed of her own maiden name, Adela Formosa, plus her husband's name, which combines his father's last name with Santacilla, his mother's name.

Their daughter takes her mother's first name, Adela. Her surname is mother's maiden name, Formosa. A son would take his father's surname, Obregon, adding mother's maiden name, Formosa, connected by the letter Y.

A PICTURE of Lord Halifax holding a photographer's flash lamp is featured currently in "Life" magazine.

Reporters say this ace picture was secured this way—

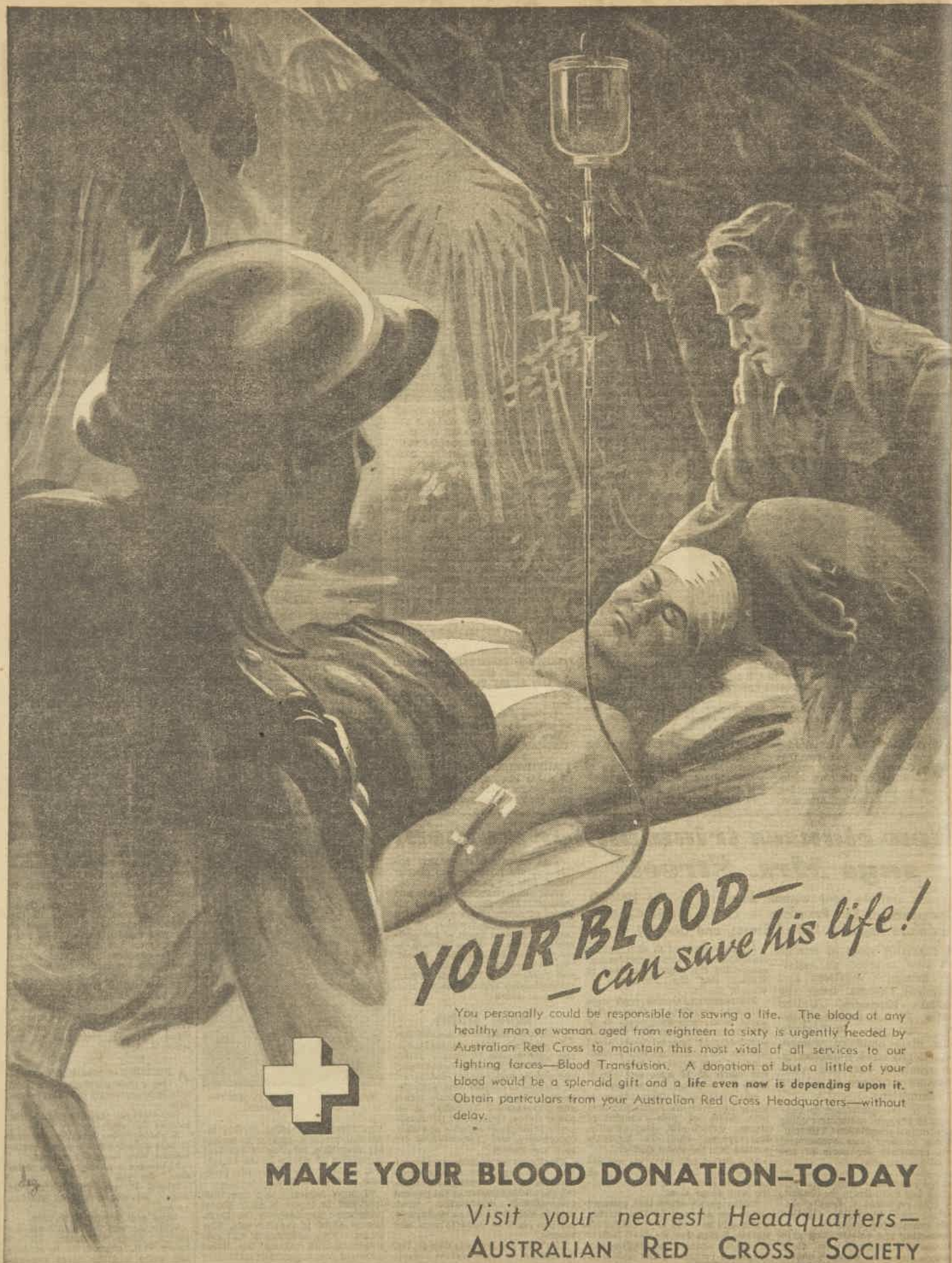
A photographer wanting someone to hold a flash asked a young press-woman, who haughtily refused.

"I am not a photographer's assistant," she said.


"Right, I'll ask Lord Halifax," he said. He did and Lord Halifax agreed.

"How does it work?" he said.

While he was intrigued with the gadget, Ellen Wilkinson, British Labor M.P., stepped up to explain the works, and the happy cameraman secured the famous picture.



**YOUR BLOOD—
—can save his life!**



You personally could be responsible for saving a life. The blood of any healthy man or woman aged from eighteen to sixty is urgently needed by Australian Red Cross to maintain this most vital of all services to our fighting forces—Blood Transfusion. A donation of but a little of your blood would be a splendid gift and a life even now is depending upon it. Obtain particulars from your Australian Red Cross Headquarters—without delay.

MAKE YOUR BLOOD DONATION—TO-DAY

Visit your nearest Headquarters—
AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

Germany . . . "this pestilential piece of land"

By

EDNA FERBER

famous American novelist, now in Germany, who has cabled to us this forceful story of the horror, beauty, frightfulness of Europe to-day.

I set foot in Germany's evil boundaries after twelve years is as unreal as the shattered houses and barbed wire and German signs that say unavailingly "eingang verboten" ("entrance forbidden").

On the road through Mainz, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Weimar, Buchenwald Camp, Kassel and Nordhausen I saw such horror, beauty, and frightfulness, such sinister signs of the future, as fill me with a sense of foreboding.

I saw once great cities now reduced to dust, brick, and chips under a leaden spring sky. I saw the green, flourishing fields of Germany burgeoning in the mist, and I saw starved, dead things that had once been men lying like flat pieces of discarded, rotten lumber on the bare ground.

Yet, somehow, in the bitter repose of death they had regained at last a statuesque dignity—human dignity that is the right of all mankind, and of which the German people robbed them in life.

And I saw that which seemed to me a nation of undefeated German people, though they had surrendered formally.

I had last seen Frankfurt-on-Main as a tourist thirteen years ago—a thriving commercial city of factories, apartment houses, great shops, hotels, churches.

Now as I looked over the jumbled heaps of broken bricks, stone, mortar, wood, twisted iron, all festooned with cobwebs of tangled wire and tattered rags, I discerned as far as the eye could see no dwelling, no structure of any kind in which a human being could live even for a day.

"Macabre scene"

As far as one could ascertain there was no visible means of obtaining food, drawing water, procuring light, going about even the most fundamental business of living, and this same macabre scene was true of dozens of cities, towns, and villages through which we walked and motored.

Now comes a mysterious, sinister thing. Through each of these nightmarish towns that looked like Dalí drawings walked a strong, purposeful people.

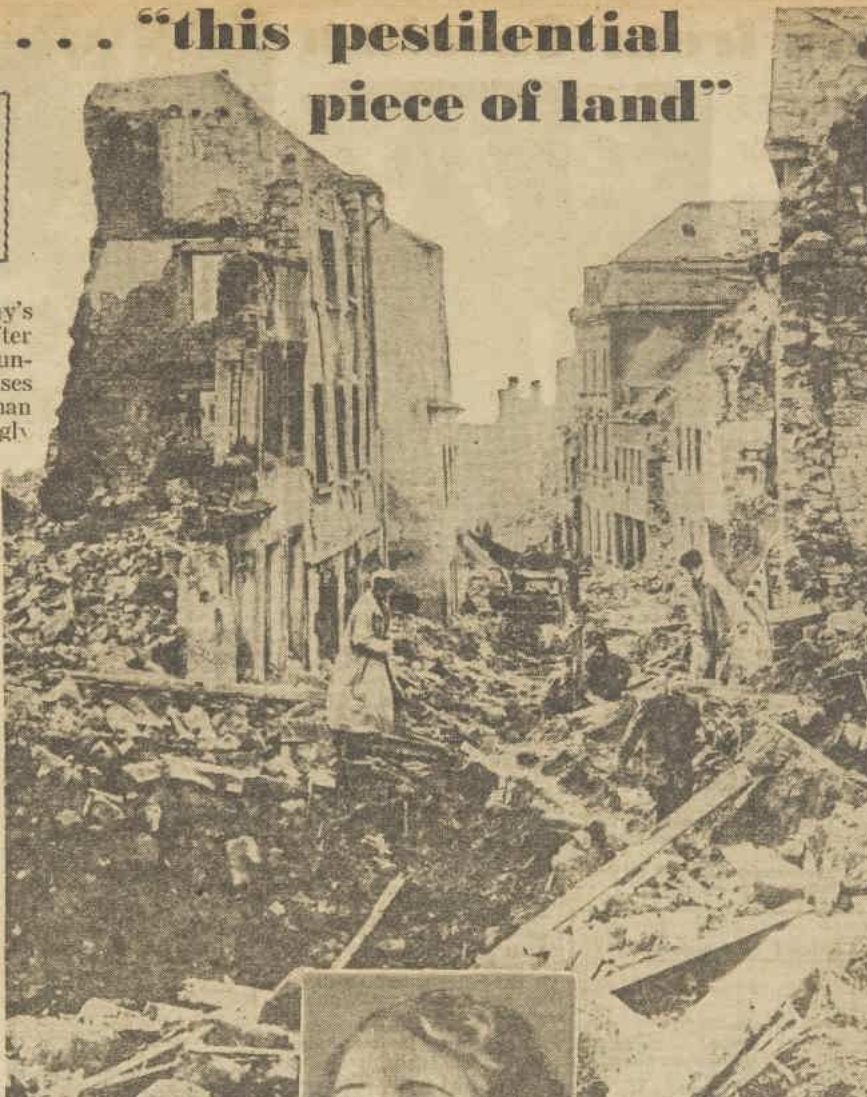
In and out the smashed masonry, through these tortured lanes walked well-dressed, composed men and women of Germany.

As the observer's eye rejected the fantastic sight of a city reduced to ashes, just so the mind refused to believe that people could be so purposeful in the midst of unimaginable chaos.

Without exception they were carefully and for the most part modestly dressed. The women's hair was waved, they wore silk stockings, smart shoes, excellently cut tailored suits and dresses, and their hats were modifications of the extreme Paris mode.

Men carried brief-cases, walking-sticks, umbrellas, their topcoats, suits, shoes, soft hats were correct. They were going about their business. It was not always their accustomed business, but they were certainly not sitting by the roadside or asking for help or waiting for orders.

It was as though they long ago had been given their orders in case of emergency. Now the emergency was here and they were acting on a well-thought-out plan.



Everyone carried bundles of some sort or pushed and pulled hand-carts. Women had string shopping-bags.

In their smart clothes they were hauling wood picked from rubble heaps. They were busy as ants after a giant foot had stepped on an anthill.

Busy, busy, busy, intent on their own lives, ignoring the strangers' stare, they concentrated on the business of living for that day.

Now resourcefulness and fortitude are admirable, but in this case they are also a trifle sinister, and their practice might warrant a moment's thought.

In every demolished block, on top of every small mountain of broken bits you see strong red-cheeked women tugging at pieces of wood, and men are neatly piling bricks.

I have already seen whole houses on the outskirts of towns—houses palpably built of bricks salvaged from the ruins.

German children are chubby and rosy. The entire population, as I saw it, is comparably better nourished and better dressed than anyone I saw in England.

Their faces, as you pass them in the street, are set and calm, only occasionally contemptuous. But there is one class of German whose face and manner are different. These are the young boys.

As we draw up in front of gutted Frankfurt railway station and step out of our car, there springs up the inevitable group of young boys. They are 12, 13, 14 years of age, tall, well-built, well-dressed, and hateful.

They do not speak or attempt to speak to us or to each other. They look.

From their bodies and faces flow such concentrated hate and arrogance as to have almost the force of physical impact.

**EDNA FERBER**

Author of "Show Boat," "So Big," "Cimarron," "Sarutoga Trunk," and her autobiography, "A Peculiar Treasure."

As we pass them they stand shoulder to shoulder in silence.

It is unnatural. It is meaningful. It is Hitler Youth made up of a pure, destructive poison which can never itself be transmuted into good.

There are those who say the German nation must be re-established and remade so that the economy of Europe and the world may not be destroyed.

In the past 30 years we have seen

"Concentrated hate, arrogance"

what established Germany can do to the economy of Europe, and perhaps 14,000,000 displaced persons trudging and crawling along the highways of Germany toward their demolished homes, and hundreds and thousands and millions of dead European and American boys do not think that the economy of Europe is really worth the price.

Or perhaps they even felt, when alive and thinking, that this economy might be achieved another way, a simple way, such as removing the word "Germany" from the world's map, and renaming this pestilential

... "jumbled heaps of broken bricks, stone, mortar, twisted iron."

piece of land might be the first step in blotting out its infamy and preventing any recurrence of it.

Most of ruined Europe is walking home. At least fourteen million displaced persons in Germany alone are trudging the highways and lanes toward their remembered dream of home, though the reality itself probably long ago vanished.

Throughout Germany, from every prison camp slave labor, French, Belgians, Italians, Dutch, Greeks, Russians, Poles, Czechoslovaks, are trudging home, mile after mile up and down the road.

Sometimes a stream of trucks going by is close-packed with huddled, standing, grey-green figures—German war prisoners in uniform.

And up the roads and down the roads swarm men, women, and children toward the four corners of Europe.

They push and pull carts containing their poor belongings. They carry knapsacks, broken suitcases, bundles on the end of sticks. They forage by the wayside or go hungry. They sleep by the road or not at all.

But always a bit of color flies from their cart or coat or hat—the color of their country's flag.

The numbing cold of this spring in Europe makes everyone huddle and shiver in all the garments possessed.

With no coal or wood, houses, tents, and billets are filled with a relentless cold that creeps into your bones with its icy, mouse-like feet.

A uniform, two shirts, a sweater, woolen underwear, and wool-lined topcoat are all unavailing.

My memories of two fantastic weeks spill out pell-mell in a jumble accumulated in these crowded days.

Over France, England, and Belgium are clouds of blossoming fruit-trees—white and rosy—like

... and England

"ENGLAND is like a magnificent old warhorse, who, having gone through battle, is now grazing in sparse pasture," Edna Ferber says.

"London's streets are tidier than those of New York, Chicago, or San Francisco. Great gaping bomb-holes, shattered walls have been cleared, dusted, and made orderly."

"You remark the lack of strain in the faces of Londoners after these grim years of concentrated hideous terror."

"They say, 'Oh, well, we haven't had a bomb in weeks, you know.'"

skirts of ballet dancers.

And among them, hideously incongruous as broken, discolored teeth in a lovely young face, are crumpled walls, shattered windows, gaping roofs of what once were proud buildings or comfortable homes.

Farmers in England, France, Belgium, and Germany are ploughing with horse and hand-ploughs in fields that adjoin vast bomber and fighter bases.

Milk cows, too, are hitched to ploughs. Women on their way to village market wheel perambulators down country roads while gargantuan convoys of trucks and tanks lumber down roads, looking like vehicles from Mars.

Paris, with the Place de la Concorde and Place Vendôme strangely empty and beautiful buildings untouched, is perhaps the only unruined capital in all Europe. It looks bare and unreal, like a movie set before the extras swarm on to the stage.

A constant parade of all nations except one passes in the square facing the Gare Du Nord—Canadians, Americans, Poles, French, Czechs, and Russian fliers with their red-starred caps.

A pair of silk stockings, a cake of soap, or a few cigarettes will buy more than a handful of money.

Six cigarettes or a piece of chocolate will launder a shirt or press a uniform more quickly than a hundred francs.

In Paris everyone has just come from Germany or is just going to Germany. At dinner in the officers' mess you hear the latest tale of Buchenwald's horrors and your food turns to ashes in your mouth.

But one needn't go as far as Buchenwald to see sickening sights of German prison camps.

"Some cannot walk"

FOR every day, day after day, they pour into France through the Gare D'Orsay, ten thousand, twenty thousand, fifty thousand men a day, Frenchmen coming home from German slave labor camps.

Some of them still look like men, some cannot walk or stand. Some are seventeen, some sixty.

By hundreds and thousands they pour through the railroad station that has been miraculously equipped to help them.

Here they are washed, deloused, tested for tuberculosis, given medical care, fed, handed a thousand francs. They are silent, their faces look almost expressionless.

The central room of the converted station is brilliant and dazzling with tricolor. The dining-room is gay with bowls of tulips and on the walls a French artist has painted a series of charming panels, all scarlet, green, and yellow, showing a happy French family dining at fresco or a romping group of boys and girls in the fields.

Outside the station in the street, waiting women stand pressed against the barriers. They come day after day and stand all day, waiting.

They scan every face as men with young and old faces stumble out into the Paris sunshine, their wretched little bundles in their wasted hands.

Many men wear clumping German boots, too big for their slender French feet.

Their eyes stare out from sunken sockets, but the eyes of the waiting women searching face after face are even more terrible to see.

First letters from Tarakan

Men tell of experiences with realism and humor

First letters have arrived from men who took part in the landing on Tarakan Island, off the east coast of Borneo.

Some of them are from the soldiers who fought their way inland, and others are from men in the Navy who were in ships covering the landing.

One of them said this landing made him feel that it brought closer the day of liberation for the gallant Eighth Division.

In a letter to his wife at Leura, N.S.W., Signolman L. S. Mulhall, at Tarakan, writes:

"THE early morning light of Invasion day etched the shore-line of this small island against the grey canvas of a rain-misted sky, and silhouetted the bulk of ships of the invasion fleet which stood silent in the sea.

"On the hill 50 feet above the beach, smoke-smudged flames leapt from big oil tanks. Red and orange lights flashed from the muzzles of naval guns as they punched screaming shells toward the island, which reverberated to this symphony of war.

"As ship guns pounded Tarakan, waves of giant bombers appeared out of the mist, flying along the beach, and as their bombs hit in a long, straight line, a succession of rainbow-like lights appeared.

"Soon after Australian soldiers, many of whom had fought on the burning desert sands and in rain-drenched jungles, sped to shore, pursuing the enemy along the beach

and into the hills.

"Within a few hours Tarakan seethed with activity, the beach road pulsating with the movement of men and machines.

"Above this highway fluttered the Australian flag, symbolising the gallant spirit of the Knights of the Slouch Hat.

"Under the flag, as the roar of every type of mobile machine grew to a mighty crescendo, passed the liberated natives, men, women, and children.

"Boys and girls trotted barefooted along the dusty road by the sides of their mothers. On their faces were puzzled expressions, but they frequently smiled.

"Their parents did not hide their feelings, and their faces were lit with smiles.

"They saluted almost all the Australians who passed them."



TESTING THEIR LAND LEGS and enjoying their spell ashore are Doug Grose, "Bluey" Lowe, and A.B. L. J. Fegan, of the R.A.N.—Photo sent by Mrs. L. Fegan, 20 Thomas St., Moonee Ponds, Vic.

A/B. E. J. Cumberland, R.A.N., to Miss Yvonne Dark, 4 Glebe Rd., Junction, Newcastle, N.S.W.:

"WE were in the last landing which took place on Tarakan.

"It was one job I am proud to say I was in, as we took the A.I.F. in and it is one step closer to releasing the brave men of the Eighth Division.

"My one wish at present is that we have the pleasure of bringing back some of those men on one of our trips.

"The landing went off well and I am very pleased to say the Japs did not send one plane up all the time we were doing it.

"I was rather pleased myself, as those planes spell trouble, with a capital T for us."

Pte. J. Roberts, stretcher-bearer on Tarakan Island, to Miss B. Hope, Hotel Ainslie, Canberra, A.C.T.:

"OLD Nip is getting a father of a lacing on Tarakan, so this is one island less for him and a step nearer his day of judgment.

"There will be many harsh judgments. He has done some terrible things in his march across Asia and the islands.

"I don't very often talk shop, but after some of the things I have seen happen to these natives I have a very great hate on.

"I have had a good look about the town of Tarakan. It was a bit awkward for a while because of the mines and snipers. The oilfields look very good; I did not get much of a chance to get a good look at them, but I am going to try and go over them one day.

"Things were pretty hard for a while, and I was busy, but everything was straightened out, and the operation was a success all through.

"We were very pleased to hear the Scots Guards blow 'Cease fire' immediately after the Prime Minister's proclamation. It was grand after waiting for more than five years.

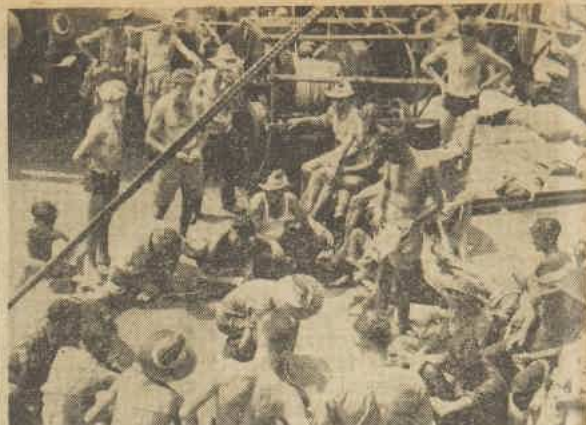
"The cessation of hostilities in Europe was taken very quietly and soberly over here, but with a feeling of relief and a determination to see Japan follow in Germany's footsteps as soon as possible."

Dvr. E. Armstrong, with the Ninth Division on Tarakan, to his wife at Narrabri, N.S.W.:

"I AM in Tarakan, and everything is going very well indeed, and it looks as if I am going to be very busy in the near future with my jeep and trailer.

"We are camped in old Dutch barracks, but they are in ruins from our bombs, and I believe the Japs set fire to them a'so.

"The town, which is not far from here, is now only a shambles. The Nips saw to that, but although the oil wells were also partly destroyed I believe it will be only a



INEVITABLE GAME OF TWO-UP in progress on board a ship carrying Australian troops north.—Photo sent by LAC J. Kennedy, R.A.A.F., Pacific.

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

short time before they will be producing. It is one of the finest oils in the world, and no doubt is a big loss to the Son of Heaven."

Cpl. F. C. Simmonds, who was one of the Commandos on Timor, now on Tarakan, to his mother, Mrs. H. Simmonds, 71 Old Kent Rd., Bankstown East, N.S.W.:

"I HAVE been just a little busy, and I'm afraid letters have been out of the question.

"We're receiving mail every day now, that is, if somebody thinks to write. It is definitely the most efficient morale booster that we have.

"This place is very small, fifteen miles by nine miles, but very rich with oil. There are oil derricks standing about 100ft. high spotted everywhere. Practically all the water has a film of oil on it. In some cases the lads have dug fox-holes down a couple of feet and oil seeped through.

"Everywhere we move there are bikes and trucks left by the Jap. Those that are repairable are quickly used by the lads as supplementary transport.

"Thank goodness the country doesn't resemble New Guinea very much. The highest hill is only 300 feet.

"Last night I was awakened by something crawling over my legs. I kept still, and it took about four seconds to continue its journey over my legs, and boy, was it heavy! It was probably a python on its nocturnal rounds taking things very leisurely."



"DU DROP INN" is the name given to their tent in the Philippines by these lads. Photo sent by LAC "Bluey" Cunningham, R.A.A.F., who was one of the first Tasmanians to arrive in the Philippines.

Alone

Continued from page 3

CUMMINGS watched their hurried exit, and turned to the fliers. "I'm sorry if I broke up a party," he said, "but I'd managed to get a couple of seats for a matinee this afternoon." He named a top nit on Broadway. "I could only get two. If you'll call at my office in an hour, I'll have them for you."

For an instant the fliers' faces were gloomy. Then one of them grinned. "Have a spot, sir, won't you?"

"Thanks," said Cummings. "I don't mind if I do."

He lunched alone, and after he had eaten, shocked his waiter by breaking a steadfast rule of never drinking during the day.

He sipped his coffee, tasted the brandy, and suddenly tilted back his head as a man might drink a toast, and gulped the burning liquor. Then he started off on his afternoon round with Shriver.

At five o'clock Cummings left his office to go to his suite for an hour's rest.

A tall, distinguished man with gleaming black hair was checking in as Cummings crossed the lobby. A mental picture of the new guest accompanied Cummings to his room. Instead of sleeping he lay for an hour turning restlessly, trying to think where he'd seen this man before.

In the press of the evening Arthur Cummings forgot his fliers. They returned to mind at eleven o'clock along with the tall, distinguished man with black hair.

"You see those two British fliers getting into the elevator?" he said to Harry Felton, the night manager.

"Yes," said Felton. "What about them?"

"Who's the tall, good-looking chap they're talking to?"

"Don't know," said Felton, his gaze on the closing elevator door. "Never saw him before." He turned to Cummings. "You know the boys?"

"Yes," said Cummings. "They're leaving to-morrow for—well, somewhere." He dropped his cigar in an ash-stand. "Good night, Harry. I think I'll turn in."

In his room an hour later, he remembered the black-haired man.

He got up wearily and went to the phone.

"Yes, Mr. Cummings?"

"Get me, Malone." He waited, chewing thoughtfully on his cigar.

"Hello, Malone."

"Yes, sir."

"Somewhere in this beehive, Malone, a couple of British lads are being taken to the cleaners by a professional gambler, named Don Glaser. He registered about five. I don't know under what name, or what room. At eleven he went upstairs with the boys. They're probably having a poker game somewhere in the hotel. These boys are friends of mine in twelve-sixteen. You saw them in the bar to-day."

"Yes, Mr. Cummings."

"Malone—"

"Yes, sir."

"Find that game, and get those boys back what they've lost if you have to use a gun. Call me back."

"Yes, Mr. Cummings."

He sat for another hour before the phone rang.

"This is Malone, Mr. Cummings. The game was in Glaser's room. He and his pals had the boys in deep, but everything's okay."

"Thanks, Malone."

"Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, Malone."

He took out the letter he had received in the morning mail, opened it slowly, and read it again. Loneliness, black and fearful, closed down, and he snuffed out his cigar. Then for a moment he leaned forward and buried his head in his arms on the table before him.

Pilot-Officer Arthur Cummings, jun., was dead, the letter told him in the stiff, formal sorrow of the British Crown—an American killed in action with the Royal Air Force.

"His Majesty's Government regrets—"

He raised his head, and for a time he stared at the letter blindly; then his powerful shoulders squared. It would be nice to go to the farm in Vermont—he was feeling old. But somebody had to die to keep things going, and somebody had to run the hotel.

(Copyright)

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week brings good luck to those born under the signs of Libra, Aquarius, and Gemini. Many Leonians and Arians will also benefit.

All people coming under these signs should plan wisely and go in search of desired goals and changes. For Sagittarians the present week can bring partings, losses, opposition, undesired changes, and upsets.

For Virgoans and Pisconians, obstacles, general worry, and delay can predominate.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): June 5 (sunrise and sunset), June 6 (before 8 a.m.), June 9 (noon to midnight) all quite happy.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Routine best now. June 7 (up till noon, 6 p.m. to 8 p.m., and after 9 p.m.) good. June 8 (midday) very fair. June 11 (7 a.m. to 9:30 a.m., and after 4 p.m.) good. June 12 (midday and sunset) good.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): Keep busy. Some gains, promotions, changes. June 6 fair. June 8 (early morning) good. June 7 (till 5 a.m.) fair. June 9 very good. June 10 (morning and evening) good. June 11 (7 a.m. and after 5 p.m.) good. June 12 good.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Routine best now, but plan ahead. Better days now. Meanwhile, June 7 mixed. June 9 fair. June 11 (7 a.m. to 9 a.m. and after 3 p.m.) good. June 12 good.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): June 5 (sunrise and sunset) fair. June 7 and 8 poor. June 9 (afternoon and evening), June 11 (7 a.m. to 9 a.m. and after 5 p.m.) and June 12 (11 a.m. to 7 p.m.) all very helpful.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): Live quietly now. Especially between June 9 and 11. Conditions controllable by wise.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Best desired goals, changes, and gains now. Work hard and be confident. Utilise June 9 (especially afternoon and evening), as it is excellent for you. June 10 (except noon to 3 p.m.), 14, and 15 tricky.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Routine best now. Plan ahead. June 7 and 8 poor. June 11 (7 a.m. to 9 a.m. and after 3 p.m.) very fair. June 12 helpful.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Be wary, as pitfalls abound. Avoid meetings, loss, opposition, and changes, especially on June 9 and 10. Routine tasks advised.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): A tricky week, but controllable if you keep to routine tasks and conditions. June 3, 4, and 11 can be poor. June 7 (till 10 a.m. and after 10 p.m.) and June 8 (midday) fair.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 21): A queer week, but fortunate. Seek beneficial changes and advancement. June 5 (sunrise and dusk) hours fair. June 6 good. June 7 and 8 poor. June 9 excellent. June 10 (except noon to 3 p.m.) good. June 11 (from 7 a.m. to 9 a.m. and after 5 p.m.) and June 12 (after 11 a.m.) good.

PISCES (February 21 to March 21): Live quietly now. Avoid changes, discord, dissension, and worry, especially on June 7, 9, 10, and 11. Be patient, cheerful, and plan ahead. Routine work strongly advised. Better days soon.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

LAMENT

WHEN one observes the growing trend

Among one's many female friends
Blithely to discard their hats
And concentrate on curls or plaits,
One reminisces on the day

When headgears held such crowning sway,
And perched or leaned or soared or sat

And claimed the common title "hat."
What tremors now I can recall
When clothes ate up my coupons

all,
And I was, most unwilling, made

A member of No Hat Brigade!
Then I gave in and, like the rest,
Waved and curled my clumsy best,
And almost sighed to dye it blue

(At least that would be something new!)

And now, when on occasions rare,
I perch a "Model" on my hair,
And see with what exciting grace
It dips its frills of gauze or lace

And half conceals a gleaming eye,
I cannot but repress a sigh

For those long vanished halcyon days
When hats and hatters were the

craze,
And, on three guineas, wisely spent,
A maiden could be Heaven-bent!

—M. M. DAVIES.

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key, Isle of "walking dead" (Kordies), by **BARON KORD:** Who wants to marry Narda. **TRINA:** Kord's sister, befriends the three captives at great risk.

Planning escape, Mandrake and Lothar pretend they have drunk a liquid given them by Kord and have become Kordies. Trina is unable to warn Narda they are only acting before Narda sees Mandrake. Horrified, Narda agrees to marry Kord that night if he sets Mandrake free. NOW READ ON:



AS FOR YOU, TRINA--COME WITH ME! I HAVE A FEW THINGS TO SAY TO YOU!



WHAT ELSE--WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?



I'LL DO ANYTHING--ANYTHING--TO BRING MANDRAKE--BACK--



WOULD YOU EVEN MARRY THAT--FOR ME?



MANDRAKE! YOU'RE NOT A KORDIE--?



DARLING, I'D HAVE GIVEN ANYTHING NOT TO PUT YOU THRU THAT TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

BUT I'VE GOT TO LEARN KORD'S SECRET--AND HOW TO FREE THOSE POOR KORDIES! THE ISLAND IS TEEMING WITH GUARDS! THIS PRETENCE IS THE ONLY WAY.



DARLING--TO THINK YOU'D MARRY KORD--TO HELP ME.



WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? I LOVE YOU.

I'M WARNING YOU, TRINA, ANY MORE INTERFERENCE, AND YOU'LL BECOME A KORDIE--FOR KEEPS!



YOUR DEVOTION TO ME, BROTHER, IS TOUCHING!

NARDA--YOU'RE WONDERFUL--YOU'RE MARVELLOUS!



HOLD ME VERYTIGHT--BEFORE THAT HORRIBLE MAN COMES BACK.

YOU WERE LYING TO NARDA!



OBVIOUSLY, I CAN'T FREE MANDRAKE. HE'D COME BACK TO THIS ISLAND WITH POLICE--OR SOLDIERS.

BUT SHE'S TOO NERVOUS TO REALISE THAT! AND NOTHING WILL STOP MY PLANS TO MARRY HER TONIGHT!



YOU MAY BE SURPRISED

WHEN KORD COMES BACK, NARDA, PLAY YOUR PART. REMEMBER, I'M A KORDIE.



TO BE CONTINUED

Group Captain Peter Jeffrey, D.S.O., D.F.C., was awarded his D.S.O. for "magnificent leadership, fearlessness and skill" and his D.F.C. for destroying four enemy aircraft in a single-handed attack in Libya. Before the war he was a Sydney University football blue.



"The Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force is doing a fine job of work and deserves the praise and admiration of every Australian"

... says Group Captain Peter Jeffrey, D.S.O., D.F.C.

Contributing to the success of every fighter pilot in combat, every bomber crew on an operational flight, is the work of the W.A.A.A.F. In the words of Group Captain Jeffrey: "The girls of the W.A.A.A.F. have contributed largely to the expansion and success of the R.A.A.F. The Air Force must enlist many thousands more of this fine type of girl."

Wouldn't you feel proud to have the privilege of doing a job where your work would be of real, vital help to the men whose exploits in the air have thrilled the nation? Why not take such a job—now—in the Air Force? From the variety of jobs open to you, choose for yourself the work you think you would like best.



"It's a grand experience—one I'll look back on with pleasure and pride for years to come."



"It's nice to be helping the boys who do the fighting. I am proud to be with the Air Force."

In the W.A.A.A.F. you will be as much a member of the Air Force as the men who fly the planes. Your work will be interesting and of vital importance. It's a great life among girls of your own kind—a wonderful experience. The training the Air Force will give you may lead to a well-paid job in civilian life when the war is won, but, best of all, will be the knowledge that you personally shared in the victory.

* * *

You will obtain full particulars from your local R.A.A.F. Recruiting Committee, or from the R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre in any capital city. Why not make your application to-day?



"All I've learnt in the Air Force will help me get a good well-paid job after the war."

SERVE WITH THE AIR FORCE ... Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force

LAUGHTER ISN'T RATIONED



"I assure you, Madam, we haven't a pair of braces in the store."



"I don't care who you are, the ad. distinctly stated 'share bathroom.'"



"Now, Dad, don't come that dictator stuff with me."



"I've called about the leaking tap."

The Riddle

Continued from page 5

"ANN! I've got it. The sundial! 'Beneath the mark'—the mark is the shadow cast by the sun. Within the four—the four sides of the column. A cubit up and down within its encompassing rocks it lies—a cubit's about twenty-two inches, isn't it?—and that sundial's about four feet high, all stone. It's in the sundial!"

"Oh, Jim!" Ann sprang up, too, torn between hope and fear of yet another disappointment. "Wait, Jim. Where do the calcined rocks come in, in a sundial? And disintegrated rocks, too? That sundial's as solid as the day it was built!"

Jim's eyes lost some of their excitement. "Um-m-m! That part certainly doesn't seem to fit in. Anyway, let's go and settle the matter!"

Jim took the heavy crowbar, and they went as quickly as they could through the knee-high weeds to the old sundial. Rapidly Jim levered with the heavy bar, and soon loosened the stone slab from the top of the column. Together they lifted it and placed it on the grass alongside. Then they peered eagerly where the stone had been.

Nothing! The entire space beneath the stone slab had been filled with mortar, on which the stone had rested.

After that they really gave up hope.

In the evening, Jim sat moodily staring at the wall of the drawing-room, where a piece of the plastering had fallen off, exposing the stone within. Mentally he compared the house, in its present pitiful

ful state of disrepair, with what it must have been in olden days. Then, in a flash, light broke upon him.

"Ann! I've got it at last!" He was almost stuttering with excitement. "Disintegrated rocks—what's that but sand? Sand, nothing more! And calcined rocks—burned rocks—lime is simply burnt rocks, isn't it? Lime and sand—just plain mortar! The riddle says these rocks surround it. Hide it from the sight of man! Those jewels are buried in the mortar inside that sundial . . . every single point of the riddle fits the idea!"

He leaped to his feet, pulling her up after him.

"I'm positive I'm right this time—in all our other attempts, some of the points didn't fit in, but this time they do, every one of them! We're going to dig that mortar out of the old sundial, now! Where's that chisel? Get the hurricane lantern, too! Come along, darling! Come and get your family jewels from their safe-deposit!"

In an agony of anticipation they hurried to the sundial, and were soon digging at the mortar. It was a slow job, but presently when they had dug down about seven or eight inches Jim's chisel struck something which gave out a metallic ring.

The sound made them redouble their efforts . . . trembling with excitement, Ann chipped away feverishly with an old screwdriver, and soon they exposed a metal box. In a short time they were able to lift it from the mortar.

The box was locked, but Jim



"Have you any of these tanks or aeroplanes released by the Disposals Commissioner, Mister?"

wasted no time on it . . . a savage assault with the chisel forced it open. There, flashing in the light, were diamonds, strings of pearls, emeralds, rubies . . . a great heap of sparkling fire. Ann took one look, then flung herself into Jim's arms with a whoop of joy.

Later on they discussed it, when the first transports of joy had subsided.

"I'd say," said Jim, "that the convict stole the jewels while the sundial was being built. He probably watched out for a good chance and buried it in the mortar the workmen were using. When they unknowingly covered up all those thousands of quids' worth of jewels with the stone slab, his revenge was complete, and he killed himself!"

(Copyright)

2GB YOUR FAVOURITE RADIO HIGHLIGHTS of the WEEK 2GB

SUNDAY

Macquarie Radio Theatre — 8.00 p.m.

"THE DAY IS GONE"

Starring — Peter Bathurst, Joan Lord, and Bebe Scott.

MONDAY

"SERENADE"

The outstanding musical variety show. Music . . . Comedy . . . Harmony. 9.15 p.m.

TUESDAY

"MRS. 'OBBS"

The laugh serial of the day . . . the domestic life of Elizabeth and Aife 'Obbs. Every Monday to Thursday — 7.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY

"Gilbert and Sullivan"

9 p.m. Complete scores of these famous operas, compered by Keith Radie.

THURSDAY

2GB Midday Session Feature

"What Do You Know?"

John Dease presents this interesting and informative session. 1 p.m.

FRIDAY

An Entertainment and An Education.

"QUIZ KIDS"

You'll be amazed at their knowledge. 8 p.m.

SATURDAY

Music and Reminiscence.

"Melodies & Memories"

Informal Interviews with Stars of Stage and Radio. 8 p.m.

2GB THE NATION'S STATION! 2GB

Key Station of the Macquarie Network



FOUR of Warramunga's recently decorated men, checking smoke-screen equipment. Left to right: Temporary Chief Stoker P. G. Wilkins, D.S.M.; 1st Lieutenant H. L. Gunn, D.S.C.; Lieutenant-Commander (E.) N. A. C. Letch, D.S.C.; and Petty-Officer J. Conway, D.S.M.



LIEUTENANT NOEL ABRAMS, of Killara, and Able-Seaman S. McGregor, of H.M.A.S. Warramunga, of Melbourne, compare coolie hats brought back from the Philippines.



H.M.A.S. BURDEKIN'S AUTHOR, Sub-Lieutenant Arthur Parry, at his desk aboard the frigate. His book, "H.M.A.S. Yarra," published last year, has sold 80,000 copies.

Warramunga gunner fished while he fought

Two R.A.N. ships in port after nine months' action

By VICKI ANDERSON

Two of the R.A.N.'s happiest ships, "Hungry Mongrel" (the destroyer H.M.A.S. Warramunga) and "Birdy" (the frigate H.M.A.S. Burdekin), made port together recently after more than nine months of Pacific warfaring.

Perhaps it's because they're young ships, with young officers and young crews, but whatever the reason there is an irrepressible boyishness and camaraderie in both ships which you feel immediately you step aboard.

COMMANDER of the Burdekin, Lieut.-Commander T. S. Marchington, R.N.R., summed it up. On being asked what his boys did in their spare time during those long nine months at sea, he grinned at fellow officers and said: "Well, I guess we all make our own fun in or out of action. You can't repress an Australian for long."

Able-Seaman "Mac" McKinnon, of "Birdy," found no difficulty in combining his favorite hobby, fishing, with some action off Morotai.

"Mac," with his inevitable line over the side of the ship, had just struck a good patch when the alert sounded for a Jap suicide plane attack.

He rushed to his position with the Oerlikon crew, fired a few bursts, and during a lull tore back to his line and reeled in a big eight-pounder.

Australian cheek

BACK at the gun, he kept on firing, and with things quiet again dashed to the line to haul in another big 'un. At the end of the action Mac's catch was 12 big fish, but when he went to collect them six had mysteriously disappeared.

One of the best humorous side-lights of Warramunga's seafaring was told by talented young sailor-artist P.O. H. J. Anderson, of Kingsford.

"Our ship might be a bit tiny when it gets among the task forces, but we've got plenty of cheek," laughed P.O. Anderson.

"Hungry Mongrel," it seems, was being towed and refuelled by a U.S. battleship. During the process, good-natured insults and banter were exchanged between the American and Australian crews.

One American sailor, looking down on the tiny little destroyer at his great big fat ship's side, called out to some of the Australians:

"For Pete's sake, that's a puny little tub you've got there."

One Aussie A.B. looked hurt, then surveyed his little ship with motherly pride and called back defensively:

"Garn, she's been sick."

The banter went on for a few

more minutes, until one of the Aussies yelled up at the U.S. battleship:

"Listen, any more cheek from you mugs and the Warramunga will cut you adrift."

P.O. Anderson, who worked in a Commercial Art Studio in Brisbane before joining the Navy eight years ago, is Warramunga's unofficial artist.

He has brought back with him several excellent water-colors of action at Tarakan and the Philippines and a large water-color of the Warramunga.

At naval concerts ashore his lightning sketches are always a popular feature on the programme.

Best-read volume aboard Warramunga was the Buzz Book. "Buzz" means rumor, and the Buzz Book appeared on the mess deck about three months ago as a check on the sometimes startling Buzzes which shook the destroyer.

Now, when one A.B. approached another with a knowing look and whispers, "Heard the latest Buzz?" he gets the answer, "No. Put it in the Buzz Book."

Duly recorded, the Informer later collects six beers if his information proves correct, or forks out to swell the Buzz beer pool if it's not.

Films are the chief entertainment for the boys on board both Warramunga and Burdekin and, according to the crews, hitches in the screening never bother them.

When one of Boris Karloff's Mummy films was showing the sound-track broke down completely, but the Warramunga boys gleefully accepted this impromptu return of the "old silents," supplying their own dialogue for every scene.

"Will Hays would have passed out at some of the dialogue, but I can't remember when we enjoyed a film so much," said one lad.

During a screening of "Sergeant York" on the upper deck of the



UNOFFICIAL ARTIST of H.M.A.S. Warramunga, Petty-Officer H. J. Anderson, shows water-color of his ship to his wife in their home at Kingsford, N.S.W.

Warramunga, torrential rain sent the audience scurrying for shelter. In intermittent spells, the screening went on, but it took the film fans from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. to see the film right out.

Every sailor loves a ship's mascot. Warramunga's dream of one was realised with the advent of "Herby," a little dog with no particular pedigree but a big personality, said Lieutenant Noel Abrams, of Killara.

Herby was among the wounded taken on board the Warramunga from an Allied destroyer set on fire after a Japanese plane attack in Lingayen Gulf.

With his enormous long ears and terror-stricken eyes, Herby immediately stole a place in every sailor's heart.

He was put to bed with a hot water bottle, carefully nursed, and hand-fed, and daily bulletins issued on his progress.

A few days later the crew surprised Herby with a bath. But his surprise was nothing to theirs. After plenty of hot water and soap he emerged from his tub white.

He had simply been a bomb-blast brunette.

Herby's promotion

UP and about in no time, Herby became part of the crew. He was promoted 2nd Officer Pup, 1st Officer Pup, then Hound.

Unable to bring Herby back with them because of quarantine regulations, the crew said a sad farewell to him at Hollandia, where he was transferred to a munition ship.

Wives and sweethearts of men of the Warramunga and Burdekin will be thrilled with the ingenious trinkets and lockets and carved wood orna-

ments made in off-duty hours, which the men have brought back.

Cobbling, watchmaking, and tailoring come naturally to some of the crew of the Burdekin.

When clothing stocks were given to 500 survivors rescued by the Burdekin from an abandoned blazing transport off the Admiralty in October last, the crew set to work and made nifty shorts for themselves from overalls and odd scraps of material.

Music plays a big part in the sailor's life at sea, and scratched, well-worn favorite records are ground out again and again.

Frank Sinatra isn't any threat to Bing Crosby on either ship.

It's Bing every time, and whenever Sinatra's films are shown the boys swoon on the deck.

Neither ship has what they both want most of all, a band, not for lack of musicians, but for lack of instruments.

Boys of Burdekin, one of the few unadopted ships in the R.A.N., would give the shirts off their backs for just one accordion.

Crews of both ships are ardent letter-writers (some write ten letters a day to the folks back home), but Burdekin's Sub-Lieutenant Arthur Parry found time to write a book.

His "H.M.A.S. Yarra," story of the gallant lost ship, published 12 months ago, has sold over 80,000 copies.

He's planning another book, but at the moment is badly getting acquainted with his four and a half months old baby boy, whom he saw for the first time the other day.

Lots of the boys have brought back souvenirs from the Philippines, coolie hats and plaited bags and rugs, but please don't mention bantams to some of the crew of the

Drama in action

HIGHLIGHT of nine months of action in the Pacific for H.M.A.S. Warramunga and H.M.A.S. Burdekin was the escorting of Australian troops to Tarakan.

"Nothing gave the troops or us such a great kick," said officers of both ships.

Warramunga, which had had a finger in practically every major naval operation pie for the past nine months, has made port with no casualties and no scratches.

Recently decorated on Warramunga are:

Former Commander of Warramunga, Lieutenant-Commander J. Alliston, R.N., D.S.O. and Bar.

Lieutenant-Commander (E.) N. A. C. Letch, D.S.C.

First-Lieutenant H. L. Gunn, D.S.C.

Temporary Chief-Stoker P. G. Wilkins, D.S.M.

Petty-Officer J. Conway, D.S.M.

Mentioned in dispatches:

Surgeon-Lieutenant J. H. Begg, Petty-Officers S. F. Hopkins and H. J. Anderson, Yeoman of Signals F. M. Young, and Stoker R. W. Langdon.

As with the Burdekin, one of Warramunga's outstanding incidents concerned rescue work.

When an Allied destroyer was set on fire in Lingayen Gulf in January by Japanese planes Warramunga's fire-fighters had the fire in the magazine under control in 15 minutes.

Ship's doctor Surgeon-Lieutenant J. H. Begg during the evening operated on eight seriously injured men from the crippled destroyer.

Burdekin's rescue work took place off the Admiralty Isles when an oil-tanker collided with a U.S. transport one night. Boats and rafts from the Burdekin picked up 500 survivors from the water, while a neighboring ship, H.M.A.S. Hawkesbury, rescued one hundred men.

Warramunga, says Lieutenant Abrams.

Anchored in Manila Bay, the boys were elated when natives paddled out to their ship in canoes stocked with bantams, which they offered to exchange for cigarettes and other booty.

The boys loaded the natives up with barter, grabbed the bantams. The canoes were paddling away, when the natives whistled.

Into the water flew the bantams where the natives hastily collected them and then set off pell-mell for the land, while the boys jumped furiously up and down hurling expletives at the grinning natives.

SHOPPING THESE DAYS— isn't it awful!



• Australian housewives are hoping to hear from Canberra that some of the wartime delivery restrictions can be eased. This page of suburban snapshots from four capital cities gives some idea of burdens housewives carry two or three times a week.

HOUSEWIVES laden with kitchen supplies wait for bus in Sydney suburban shopping centre. All hope that restrictions on deliveries will soon be eased.



MRS. H. W. KAEDING, Blackwood, S.A., faces an hour's train trip with her 16lb. of vegetables and meat.



MRS. W. H. NEEDHAM, of Brisbane, carrying home her 27lb. baby and some 12lb. of supplies



LOADED. Mrs. A. Green, and Mrs. Belerby, with her youngster, each carrying over 20lb. from Paddy's Markets, Sydney.



WOODEN BOX fixed to pusher hood eases 20lb. burden for Mrs. H. Katz, of Sth. Yarra, Melbourne.



HUSBAND HELPS WIFE. Mr. and Mrs. R. Delohery, Bellevue Hill (N.S.W.), on way home.



ROSES TO PLANT. Mrs. E. Hooper, Lewisham, on way home with rose plants and 8lb. of goods.

Pastoral

Continued from page 7

HE shook his head. "I knew it would be good, but not like this."

They sat down presently, had their lunch, and talked. They told each other all about their homes, about their parents, about their brothers and sisters, about their schools, their interests, their lives. The time slipped by till they must be beginning to get back to Paddington if Gervase was to catch her train.

"It seems a shame to have to go," said Gervase. "It's so lovely here."

"I'll be back at Hartley next week," said Marshall. "We'll go out and have a crack at your fishing."

She smiled. "That'll be fun."

He hesitated. "You know I've only five more operational flights to do?" he said quietly. "Before I've done my second tour?"

She stared at him. "Oh, Peter, I never thought of that. Does that mean you'll be leaving Hartley?"

He nodded. "After five more trips."

"How long for?"

He said: "I was grounded for three months after the first one; they sent me to Stamford. But I don't think I'll be coming back to Hartley at all." He was fingering her hand. "They don't make us go on for a third tour in Bomber Command, unless we volunteer," he said. "I'm not so keen on Germany as that. I want to get back to Coastal for a change, and fly a Liberator in daylight."

She said: "So you'll be leaving altogether?"

He nodded. "After five more trips."

"You could get through those in a fortnight," Gervase said. "Then you'd be going."

"I know," He glanced at her, and they were now both deadly serious. "The one thing we haven't got is time. I wanted you to know that—in case it might make a difference."

She said: "I'll remember that, Peter. Thank you for telling me."

"I was wondering about next Sunday," he said. "If I came back to the camp on Saturday, could you arrange to get Sunday off, all day, so that we could try the fishing before the crew come back?"

"I could if there isn't an operation on," she said. She smiled at him. "People will pull your leg if you get back before your leave is up."

He laughed. "I can wear it. Will they pull yours?"

She said: "It's different with us. We get asked if our intentions are strictly honorable."

They laughed together, and presently they got up, and he took her back to Paddington by bus and train.

They stood quietly together for a while, enjoying the last minutes.

"I've had a lovely time," Gervase said softly. "Thank you for everything, Peter."

He kissed her, and presently she went off alone to catch the Oxford train. He stood and watched her through the crowd till she was out of sight.

Gervase got back to Hartley four hours later, happy enough, but tired to death. She went straight up to bed without waiting to have supper.

In the few minutes before sleep came to her she thought of Marshall and his work. She was very glad his time in bombers was drawing to a close; he was a good bomber pilot, but she knew he would be happier in Coastal. No man, she thought, could really be happy in the risks and hazards of night bombing; you could be used to it and do it as a function of the war, but it was as unpleasant as riding in a tank.

When he had done his second tour he would deserve to have a job that was fun. He wanted to fly a Liberator in Scotland, and he deserved to get what he wanted. She wondered, half asleep, if she would like Scotland. But that, she reflected, was quite premature, because she hadn't made up her mind if she even liked Peter Marshall. Not nearly yet. She was smiling as she drifted into sleep.

She got a letter from him punctually by the first post on Tuesday morning, and read it in the privacy of her room. She answered it on Tuesday afternoon, when she was supposed to be resting for the coming operation, which was Dusseldorf.

She spent the night on duty out at the Group W/T station.

That night twenty-two machines left Hartley Magna. Sixteen came back, one landed in Essex, the crew of one bailed out near Guildford, and four failed to return altogether.

She got another letter from him on Thursday, and on Thursday night the Wing went to Essen. Twenty-six machines took off, one of which hit a tree a mile away, and crashed in a great sheet of flame that lit up the whole aerodrome. Twenty-one landed back at Hartley, one put down in Kent, and three failed to return. In the short space of two days the Wing had lost eight machines.

At Group Headquarters the next day Wing-Commander Dobbie had a long talk with the Air-Commodore. Dobbie was looking drawn and tired. He had flown all night in L for London with Sergeant-Pilot Hogg, but instead of sleeping he had come to Group to talk about his casualties.

"There's no reason to make any change," he said. "It's just the luck of the game—two months ago we did six ops right off, and never lost a machine. We've just had bad luck on these last two. There was nothing in last night's show that was at all unusual."

The Air-Commodore nodded. "I think that's right. Chawick lost nobody at all last night. Witlington lost one. How are your crews taking it?"

The Wing-Commander made a slight grimace. "Not quite so good," he said. "They're all so young. I was going to ask if you could rest us for a week, and let me get them up on the top line before the next one."

"I'll try."

"Another thing, sir. I've got very few old stagers with me now. Johnson and Davy, Marshall and Lines, Nutter. . . really, you can count them on one hand. I wish you'd remember that in the drafting. It makes a big difference."

"I know it does. I'll see what I can do." There was a pause. "You've got an ENSA concert to-morrow night, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir. That'll help—if it's a good one."

"It's quite a good show," said Air-Commodore Baxter. "I saw it the night before last at Witlington. I laughed a lot."

Dobbie thought for a moment. "I shan't do anything to-night," he said. "It's too soon. They'll have the ENSA show to-morrow, and then on Sunday I'll give them a surprise and we'll have a dance. Can you square the padre to let us have a dance on Sunday, sir?"

"I'll fix him."

"A surprise dance always goes down well," said Dobbie. He paused for a minute, thoughtful. "It makes a lot of difference having all these Waifs upon the station, when the crews are a bit down," he said. "They recover much quicker."

"I know. They talk it over with the girls, and get it off their minds."

Dobbie went back to Hartley, worked in his office for an hour, and then went back to his house for lunch, and to spend the afternoon in sleep. He was on the telephone at tea-time mustering all his ground officers with a summons to dine in the mess that night, and to Flight-Officer Stevens inviting the W.A.A.F. officers. He made similar arrangements for the sergeants' mess.

By six o'clock he was playing billiards in the lounge himself with Flight-Lieutenant Davy and a couple of moody pilot-officers.

Section-Officer Robertson came in while he was playing, and stood watching the game for a minute. Dobbie ordered her a drink. "I wanted to see you," he said. "This concert to-morrow night. What was the name of that tractor chap that we said we'd invite? The one that got up the pigeon-shooting?"

"Ellison, sir."

"I remember. And there was the farmer, too—Jack Barton. I want to ask them both to come and dine in the mess to-morrow night before the concert. Can you get hold of them?"

"I think so, sir."

"Pity Marshall isn't here," said Dobbie. "He knows them both."

WORTH Reporting

ANDRE MAUROIS, great French biographer, and his wife have been in America since the fall of France.

The first letter they had from liberated Paris was from their maid saying she had managed to hide all Mme Maurois' clothes from the Germans.

She asked if she could take one pair of shoes, as her own were completely worn out.

Mme Maurois replied immediately: "Take them all."

Nine marches

THE Governor of N.S.W. (Lord Wakehurst), who with Lady Wakehurst is returning to England after eight years' service at Government House, Sydney, considers he is almost entitled to class himself as an Australian returned soldier.

In the 1914-18 war, Lord Wakehurst served with a British Territorial regiment on Gallipoli with the Anzacs, and later fought in Palestine with A.I.F. Light Horse units.

But his strongest claims, he says, are that he has marched in nine successive Anzac Day marches covering, as he put it, "uncounted miles" and has attended nine successive Anzac Day dawn services.

He added: "I don't know where I will be on Anzac Day of 1946—perhaps in England, perhaps in some outpost of Empire—but I'm sure I'll automatically wake up before 4 a.m. and prepare to set out for the Cenotaph in Martin Place for the Dawn Service."

Nature notes

DISTINGUISHED Canadian conductor Sir Ernest MacMillan explained to a Melbourne gathering the affinity between a conductor and his orchestra.

"We feel we are so much a part of each other that we are like the worm who saw another little worm poking out of the ground."

"Come and play with me, little worm," he said. The little worm answered, "Don't you know me? I'm your tail!"

Gervase said: "Flight-Lieutenant Marshall will be back to-morrow night." Immediately she wished she hadn't said that.

"His leave isn't up till Monday," said the Wing-Commander. He glanced at her, and a slow smile spread over his face. "Okay," he added. "If he's going to be here he can help entertain them."

Everybody dined together in the mess that night, brightly cheerful, and afterwards they played snooker and darts and shove-halpenny and poker and bridge. They made a great deal of noise and everybody very nearly had a marvellous time, and only two or three young men went creeping quietly to their rooms because they couldn't bear it any longer.

Marshall arrived back in time for tea next day, to find the Wing-Commander taking tea in the ante-room; at times like that Mrs. Dobbie saw little of her husband. Dobbie noticed him with satisfaction; he wanted all the old stagers on the station for the next few days to steady the young men. He said: "You're back early."

"The trains aren't very good on Sunday," said the pilot lamely. He had not expected to meet Dobbie before Monday. "Besides, I wanted to be here for the ENSA concert."

There was a brazen quality about that statement that won Dobbie's respect; a man who could say that he had come back early from his leave to listen to an ENSA concert was a man to be reckoned with.

"Look," he said quietly, "do what you can to make the party go to-night. I dare say you've heard about our luck."

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"Do, by all means!"

ANYONE who has ever given a party knows

That one of the worst of a hostess' woes

Is when, having a nicely matched set-up prepared,

With a few unattached men successfully snared,

They proceed, one after the other to ring,

And say there's a woe of a girl they want to bring.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

Nazi Navu's boss

APPOINTMENT of Rear-Admiral G. C. Muirhead-Gould as chief of the Royal Navy organisation in the disarmament of all German ships and port installations caused little surprise to his many Sydney friends.

Before relinquishing his four-year post as naval officer-in-charge in Sydney to return to England in December, this popular naval chief was tipped for a permanent post with the Commission of Control in occupied territories.

From 1933 to 1936 Rear-Admiral Muirhead-Gould served as Naval Attaché in Berlin and for the northern European States, including Poland, Latvia, Norway, and Sweden. He has a good knowledge of the German people, and can speak the language fluently.

His least-prized possession, he once told Sydney friends, was an autographed photograph of Hitler presented to him with great ceremony and pomp at a farewell in Berlin in 1936 by the then Commander of the German Navy (Admiral Raeder).

Small world

A DISCHARGED Tobruk rat, Les Corby, of Earlwood, N.S.W., called in the course of his job at a strange house in Warwick, Qld.

The householder, Mrs. Hackwood, greeted the ex-soldier with the remark: "My son is in the Air Force. He went to Canada. Here is a picture of his wedding there."

When Les Corby looked at the photo he was staggered to find the best man was his brother-in-law, P/Sgt. J. McKnight, R.A.A.F., of Earlwood.

Then he heard the story of the wedding. Mrs. Hackwood explained that her son was determined to have an Australian as best man. His fiancée suggested calling upon some people nearby who often entertained Australians. Result was P/Sgt. McKnight.

THE man who had shopped fruitlessly for several hours for a special type of soft-bristled broom was delighted when he found one in a dark corner of a large city store. He seized it joyously and made for the counter. The assistant looked at him, then at the broom. "Sorry," he said, "this belongs to the store. Took us weeks of searching in every shop in town to find it."



—and what, Mummy, if you please, is a tin of sardines?"

To see and be seen

THIS year's Royal Academy exhibition at Burlington House will undoubtedly be known as the "Victory Academy." Yet not more than a twentieth of the exhibits had anything to do with war; there are fewer uniforms there than at any wartime Academy, and less conversation about war than at any time since 1939.

As usual, the portraits drew the largest crowds, especially among American visitors—Gerald Kelly's pictures of the King and Queen, Simon Elwes' of Lord Wavell, and James Gunn's of Sir Bernard Montgomery.

Private view day is one of the rare occasions when art and society meet. In front of one of Dame Laura Knight's now familiar field pictures a "bright young thing" was standing with an older man.

"One can absolutely feel the atmosphere of the country looking at Laura's work," he said.

"Can you?" asked Miss 1945. "Actually, I don't know much about art. I just came along because Mother thought I ought to be seen here."

A COLLEAGUE reports his main source of cigarettes was out of recently when the manager of the cafe he patronised throughout the war informed him that a newly engaged waitress had been given his quota. Guarantee of a certain number of packets a week was one of her conditions of employment.

Distinguished patients

"ALLAWAH," Canberra's only private hospital, where the Prime Minister, Mr. Curtin, has been a patient, was built and is run and owned by one woman, Sister W. M. Petrie, of Chatswood, N.S.W.

The hospital has had many celebrated patients. Four years ago Lady Gowrie had her appendix removed in its modern operating theatre. A recent patient was little Prince William for a middle-ear operation.

Sometimes there is quite an international air about the hospital. The first Chinese diplomat's baby was born there when Mrs. K. C. Cheng had her baby daughter, Mai Ping, nearly three years ago, and many Dutch babies have been born there.

Hospital was called "Allawah" because all the linen at Sister Petrie's former hospital, "Auburn," at Queanbeyan, was marked with an "A." A friend of hers, president of the Historical Society, chose "Allawah," which means "I camp here."

All vegetables, fruit, and poultry are produced in the hospital grounds, with a former Government House gardener, old-age pensioner Mr. Kilby, in charge. Sister Petrie bottles a lot of the fruit and vegetables.

Frenchwomen's vote

FACT that seventy-five per cent. of France's women voted in their first general election is largely due to activities of Mlle Madeleine Marzin, official of the Union des Femmes Françaises, largest organisation of women in France, cables King Watson from Paris.

Mlle Marzin stumped the country exhorting women to use the great power they had been given. She tells amusing stories of overhearing men pointing her out in cafes, saying, "We'd better go along to the meeting to-night, there might be some fun." They always stayed to the end, didn't seem to think it was funny.

The union grew out of the resistance movement, and Mlle Marzin, frail and little, no more than seven stone, was one of its heroines.

Caught in a trap set for resistance members in Paris, she was sentenced to death by the Germans, and put in a train for Rennes, where the sentence was to be carried out. She jumped out of the moving train, came back to Paris, and went right on resisting.



HAPPY FOURSOME. Lieut.-Colonel Joseph Sander-son, U.S. Army, and his vivacious bride, formerly Kath Menzies, at reception at Amory, Ashfield. Couple are with Major James McDowell, U.S. Army, and his bride, formerly Joan McAuliffe, who were married one day previously to Joseph and Kath.



NINE PRETTY FACES. Barbara Granowski (left), Wendy Playfair, Pamela Hordern, Judith Cooper, Helen Goddard, Janet Robertson, Deidre Gregg, Barbara Hill, and Jocelyn Drysdale lunch together at Prince's and plan dance in aid of Young Contingent of Victoria League, which will be held at White City on June 29.

On and off DUTY.

A M told history was made with announcement of VE-Day as far as a number of Wrens who arrived here recently were concerned. Girls were on way to Australia when thrilling news was announced, and the order was given that all may take part in "splicing the main brace"—to you and me ordinary folks that means lining up for a tot of rum issued to celebrate the occasion.

Believed to be the first time in the history of the Royal Navy, Wrens were included in the function, and like staunch suffragettes of other feminine causes, the Wrens march to a man—a woman, I mean—and queued up for their "tot," despite a soaring temperature in the Red Sea. In accordance with His Majesty's Navy's command, only those members who had reached the mature age of 20—male or female—were allowed to partake. One particularly youthful feminine member of the Service was eyed with doubt by the dispenser of the rum. "Are you sure you're twenty?" he asked. Haughtily she replied, "I'm exactly 43!" She got her tot of rum.

NEWS from Cassilis tells me that popular Sister Lillian Thyrd, who has been matron of C.W.A. Hospital in Cassilis for some time, will leave hospital on July 1 to join her husband, who has just received discharge from Army. Sister Alice Walsh will replace her as matron at the hospital, which has been open for ten and a half years in the district. Hospital is managed for the last two years by Cassilis Branch of C.W.A. with a staff of two. Wonderful financial help given by men's committee, I hear.

CONSTANT luncheon twosome round cafe society haunts . . . Betty Fairfax and her young son, James.

GUARD of honor of W.A.T.C. and Air Training Corps formed outside St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, after marriage of Flight-Lieut. Stuart Archbold, R.A.A.F., and his bride, formerly Dorothy Fletcher, of Killara. Dorothy is member of W.A.T.C.



NEW ARRIVALS GREETED. Second-Officer Margaret Valle, W.R.A.N.S., R.A.N. Press liaison officer, with Second-Officer Mary Bromiley (centre) and Third-Officer Peggy Scale, Wren officers who have come to join R.N. Press liaison in Australia. Peggy is South Australian girl, but has lived in England for some years. Before joining Service she was secretary to managing editor of London "Daily Sketch."



RUSSIAN PARTY. Russian Charge d'Affaires, Mr. Soldatov (right), and Mrs. Soldatov (second from left) entertained at a party at Russian Legation, Canberra, to celebrate Victory in Europe. Guests included French Charge d'Affaires, M. Roger Monmayou (left), Minister designate to France, Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Hodgson, Mrs. Hodgson.



CANON'S SON WEDS. John Done, ex-A.I.F., cuts wedding cake with pretty bride, formerly Margaret Scott, while his father, Rev. Canon Done, looks on. Bride is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Scott, of Seaforth, late of Carinyah, Cootamundra.



HONEYMOONERS. Warrant-Officer Matthew Carmody, R.A.A.F., and his wife, formerly Berenice Barrett, photographed when they return from honeymoon spent at Katoomba. Matthew has served in Middle East, England, and Burma.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Clive Sutor, formerly R.A.A.F. flying-officer, winner D.F.C., and his bride, Trixie Park, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with attendants, Margot McKenzie (left), Mrs. H. F. Vaughan, Lieut.-Commander Stuart Sutherland, R.N.V.R., Dr. Neil Francis. Clive is son of Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon H. Sutor, of Hougoumont, Tamworth. Trixie is daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mungo Park, of Dunmore, Manilla.



JUNE WEDDING PLANNED. Sheila Kearns (centre), who will marry Third-Officer Joseph Bollen, Netherlands Merchant Navy, at St. Mary's Cathedral toward end of this month, lunches at Prince's with Mrs. Bill Hughes (left) and Marjorie Whiteman, who will be her attendants.

LOTS of congratulations pouring in for Bill and June Baker on the birth of a son at St. Luke's, Darlinghurst. June, who is daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Bertie Lloyd, of Darling Point, presents family with first grandchild.

PRETTY Waaaf Ellen King telephones me from Richmond Station to tell me news of her engagement to Squadron-Leader Robert Whittle, D.P.M. of Murwillumbah. Couple plan wedding for middle of August.

BELIEVE 200 guests attended wedding reception of Robert Coote and Barbara Page at lovely old country home of bride's grandfather, Sir Frederick Tout, at "Wambanumba," Young.

SERVICE interest when ACW Mary Sykes, W.A.A.F., announces engagement to LAC Douglas Matthews, R.A.A.F. Mary is third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, of St. Peter's.

DOWN for the sheep sales, Mrs. Malcolm Body lunches with newly wed Mrs. Mark Russell Glasson. Both young matrons favor smart English grey flannel suits.

SOMETHING about the Navy . . . my news seems to have acquired a slightly nautical twist this week. Chat to Mrs. C. J. Pope, who returns from holiday at Wentworth Falls with husband, Commodore Pope, and talented actress daughter Leslie. She tells me Naval War Auxiliary has formidable list of requirements from Royal Navy. "We're so anxious to help, we'll get through the list by hook or by crook," Mrs. Pope says laughingly. "But we do want more helpers."

SKI enthusiasts Lieut. and Mrs. K. Watson spend honeymoon at Kosciuszko. Mrs. Watson was formerly Pauline Cleary, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cleary, of Mosman. She is graduate in Arts of Sydney University.

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MARSHALL

nodded. "I heard. You're having the Waafs in for dinner again?"

The Wing-Commander nodded. "I asked your pal Ellison and Jack Barton. I'll have Barton at the end table with me. You take Ellison down among the boys and get one or two of the Waafs to help you whoop it up a bit."

"Okay," said Marshall.

"We'll see if we can get Jack Barton to stage a rabbit hunt, or something, one afternoon next week," said Dobbie. He went off to meet the E.N.S.A. party who were fixing up their stage in the canteen, and to prime them with local jokes.

Marshall met Gervase in the lounge before dinner. He re-introduced her to Mr. Ellison, and they collected Section-Officer Ford and Pat Johnson, and a dry little man in civilian clothes who was something to do with the E.N.S.A. party, and whom they discovered, later in the evening, to their cost, to be the chief comedian.

They dined at the far end of the room from Winco, and managed to drag into their party most of the table, driving back the shadows for a while. Three pilot-officers, newly arrived that afternoon from operational training, quietly inquired about the two flight-lieutenants, and were impressed to hear that one of them had fifty-four operations to his credit, and the other fifty-five. Their first impression was that Hartley was a place where pilots lived long and had fun.

They moved on to the concert, Gervase sitting close by Marshall, with Ellison upon her other side. There was a trick cyclist, and a lady with a piano-accompanist, and a burlesque or two. And then their dinner guest came on and in long, rambling monologue told them about a flight-lieutenant at a station he was visiting last week who went out fishing—"very fond of fishing, he was, and all his crew"—and caught an awful, ugly fish—"fair give you the cold shivers to look at that fish"—and brought it back upon his handle-bars.

He spun it out for a good ten minutes and had the hall in fits of laughter all the time, which seemed to Marshall to be in poor taste. But after that a middle-aged young woman came on and sang about a nightingale in Berkeley Square, a song that both Gervase and Marshall admired very much. They contrived to hold hands while she was singing it without anybody noticing.

As they were leaving the hall in the crowd after the show they managed to exchange a few words in the privacy of the unheeding crowd. "All right for to-morrow?" Marshall said.

She nodded. "What time?"

"Shall we meet out there?"

"No, let's ride out together. It doesn't matter." His heart warmed to her. "Half-past ten, outside headquarters?"

"Okay," he said. "I'll get Mollie to cut some sandwiches."

It was sunny and bright next morning. They met outside headquarters with their bicycles, and rode out of the camp together. They reached Kingslake an hour later, rode up to the front door and rang the bell. Gervase said: "Is Mrs. Carter-Hayes at home? We've come about the fishing."

The maid said: "Mrs. Carter-Hayes is in her room, madam. But that will be quite all right." She took them through the hall opened up the room where the fishing tackle was kept, and left them to it.

Gervase and Marshall spent the next half-hour poking about among the tackle.

They found lines and wound them on the reels; presently they left the house and went down to the lake carrying rods, tackle, and a landing-net.

They fished for an hour; occasionally their flies were in the water, more often in a tree or a bush. Even the unsophisticated trout in the little private lake shrank back from the resounding splash that their lines made in falling on the water; by lunch-time they were looking at each other ruefully.

"It's difficult," said Gervase. "It was like this when I used to try before."

Continuing . . . Pastoral

from page 20

The pilot said: "It must be good fun when you can do it, though."

They began to eat their sandwiches, sitting very close together.

In the course of the afternoon Gervase caught two fish and Marshall caught three. They might well have gone home with fifteen, but their interest in the trout was short-lived in comparison with their interest in each other. They sat together for a long time on the grass at the head of the lake, talking, and eating their sandwiches, and holding hands, and admiring their little row of fish laid out neatly in the shade.

In the evening, their sandwiches long finished, hunger drove them back to camp.

"We'll bring out some more food next time," said Gervase. They walked up to the house and put their rods and tackle carefully away in the gun-room. They left a message of thanks with the old maid, put their fish into their bicycle-baskets, and rode back to camp.

Excitation over their catch quite swamped their ordinary discretion. They rode in past the guard together, and went together into the mess, carrying a bicycle-basket full of fish. They went to Mollie in the kitchen and got a dish and laid the fish out in it. The Waaf kitchen-maids came crowding round Gervase. "My, ma'am, aren't they lovely!"

They had a little discussion over when they should have them and how they should be cooked, then, bursting with pride, they carried them into the dining-room and put them on the table to admire. For the first time, in the kitchen, they heard that there was to be a dance that night.

They found Pat Johnson and Lines in the lounge. Marshall said: "Come and see our fish."

"Not another like the last one, laddie?" asked Mr. Johnson.

Lines said: "What do you mean, our fish?"

"I caught two," said Gervase. "He got three."

The two flight-lieutenants followed them into the dining-room, and two or three young pilot-officers followed. "They're quite nice-looking fish," said Mr. Johnson in surprise. "You're coming on, laddie." He turned and bowed to Gervase. "And laddie."

One of the pilot-officers said: "Where did you get them, sir?"

Marshall grinned. "I'm not letting that one out."

"Last time he went fishing he brought back something that he caught in the main sewer," said Mr. Johnson. He turned to Gervase. "I suppose he didn't like to take you fishing there."

The girl wrinkled up her nose. "I think you're a pig. If you mean that pike, it was a very nice fish."

"Nice fish, my foot," said Mr. Johnson. "It made a lot of trouble, that pike did. I'm not sure that we've heard the last of it, either."

A young man behind them, seeing trout for the first time in his life, asked: "What are they?" They became thronged with interested young men; Dobbie, entering the vestibule, saw them pressing into the dining-room, and went in behind to see what was going on.

He saw three of his best pilots and one of the W.A.A.F. officers laughing and talking over a plate of fish, surrounded by a crowd of young men. He pressed forward through the crowd, thankful for the new diversion.

"Who got these?" he asked.

Lines said: "Those two got them, sir. They won't say where."

Dobbie laughed and said to Marshall: "Be a sport."

"I'm not a sport," said Marshall, "and I'm not telling anybody. I'm keeping this fishing for my crew." He grinned. "Of course if you like to come with us next op, sir, you might qualify."

Dobbie said: "Well, I will."

They talked fishing for a while with the young men round them. Then Dobbie went off to the billiard-table to play snooker with whomever he could find. He was pleased, although he knew that he would get no fishing in the way he had suggested.

On the next operation he would fly to Germany with some diffident, enthusiastic, and unsafe young man, who would be honored at having the Wing-Commander in the aircraft with him, and who would be steadied by the experience. He saw no point in flying with a good pilot.

Later that evening he stood with Chesterton in the canteen watching the dance. The atmosphere was noticeably lighter than it had been a few days before. The crews were more spontaneous; there was more healthy noise, more laughter. Chesterton said presently: "See Marshall?"

Dobbie nodded. "They were out all day together, fishing."

The squadron-leader said: "And now they're dancing all night." He laughed. "More trouble. You'll have to find another signals officer."

The Wing-Commander said: "I don't mind about that. He can walk off with every section-officer in camp for all I care. The camp's a different place with that chap in it."

What's on your mind?

Bring home brides if unhappy

COULD the Government charter a special ship to bring back the Australian girl brides who are disillusioned and unhappy with their broken marriages in the U.S.A.?

We all make mistakes, and because these girls may have picked the wrong husband in the glamor of war they should be at least offered the opportunity of returning home.

There would be many hundreds willing to start their lives over again in Australia.

It would mean one voyage for one ship, and would bring great happiness for many homes and many girls.

51 to J. Somerville Smith, "Hillawarra," 2 Hillawarra Crescent, Toorak, Vic.

Home-made trousers

THERE are many paper patterns on sale everywhere of women's garments, but what of the men's?

Many enterprising women, given the opportunity, would venture to make trousers for their menfolk.



especially cream sports, practically unprocureable, but needed for men who play competitive bowls.

So let's have a pattern, and men, don't quail at the idea—give us a chance.

5/- to Mrs. W. Lyons, 16 Manchester Grove, Glenhuntly, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 500 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above your name.

Payment of £1 will be made for the first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers in this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Unbleached calico

A GREAT deal of the worry of clothes rationing would be obliterated if there was just one reliable cotton cloth available coupon free, or even at a reduced coupon rate.

I suggest unbleached calico. It is durable, reasonably cheap, and can be used for children's school bloomers, pyjamas, pillow-cases, tea-towels, tablecloths, sheets, aprons, and kitchen curtains.

5/- to Mrs. D. Johnson, Marian, via Mackay, Qld.

Devil's plaything

C. A. BENTLEY (12/5/45) advocates artificial insemination. He says there are always those who regard anything new as the devil's plaything.

This certainly is the devil's plaything in the true sense of the word. Such a practice is against the dignity of man and the law of nature, and is unjust to the offspring.

No consent of the husband and wife can remove the immorality of this practice. I trust the medical profession will oppose the production of test-tube babies.

By all means let us advance, socially and morally, but not degrade ourselves.

5/- to F. T. Leach, 57 Wallace St., Newtown, Toowoomba, Qld.

Daughters rear families

THERE are many women who have large families and leave the older daughter to rear them.

I know of a number of 12-year-old girls who are tired and old beyond their years from caring for babies their mothers brought into the world.

5/- to Mrs. Jackson, 16 Aintree St., East Brunswick, Vic.

Striking

W. O. W. P. Johnson's suggestion (19/5/45) that housewives should strike provokes me to pen a few lines to such audacious women who may consider this a possibility.

If you strike, discontented housewives, strike hard and while ye may, for if the old man's anything like me, he'll strike back.

5/- to Colin F. Prosser, 108 Nixon St., Shepparton, Vic.

Adopted children

I WOULD like to hear readers' ideas about adopted children.

Is it best for the foster parents to tell the child that it really does not belong to them, or is it best to let the child think that it does?

We are adopting a baby soon. My idea is not to tell the child until she or he is thinking about getting married, and then to break it gently.

5/- to "Childless," North Coast, N.S.W.

Honoring general

THERE is a beautiful red rose named "General MacArthur." Though not a newcomer, as it is listed in catalogues of 20 years ago, it is still popular.

Would it not be an unusual gesture of appreciation if every Australian rose-lover planted one of this variety in his garden in honor of America's hero, and in gratitude to him for the great part he played in helping to save our country?

5/- to Miss W. Paine, 161 Holden St., Ashfield, N.S.W.

Animal Antics



"Hey, folks . . . look!"

Gunnar Franck did not get many letters, and the ones he got were seldom from old ladies. He had great difficulty in deciphering the words of the letter that he found waiting for him when he returned from leave, and more difficulty still with the meaning. It read:

"Kingslake Hall,

"Oxon."

"Mrs. Carter-Hayes presents her compliments to Sergeant-Pilot Franck, and would be pleased if he would care to use her lake for fishing. Miss Robertson can make the arrangements."

He turned it over and over, his big red face wrinkled in perplexity. He understood that it was about fishing, and that was all he did understand. He took it to Sergeant Phillips to interpret, only to find that the rear-gunner had received one just like it.

"I dunno," said Phillips. He scratched his head. "The only Miss Robertson I know of is that section-officer of the Cap's."

Gunnar folded up the letter and put it in his wallet. "I will ask her. She is a nice young lady, and she will say if I am wrong."

"It must be her." There was a pause, and then the rear-gunner said slowly: "Come to think, we was talking about fishing just before I went on leave. I wonder if the Cap's had one like this?"

"Do you think that the section-officer is now friends with the Cap?" "I dunno—looks rather like it. If so, we'll all be a sight safer."

They laughed together, and later in the day Gunnar Franck went into the signals office diffidently. "Please," he said, "I have here a letter that I do not understand. I think perhaps it is to do with you?"

Gervase took the note and glanced at it. "That's right, Gunnar," she said. She explained to him the arrangement she had made about the fishing. "Flight-Lieutenant Marshall knows where all the things are kept—he can show you. We went out there yesterday and got five lovely ones."

He took back the letter. "It is ver' kind of this old lady," he said. He hesitated. "You are friends now with the Cap?" he inquired, grinning.

She laughed. "Yes, we're friends again for the time being."

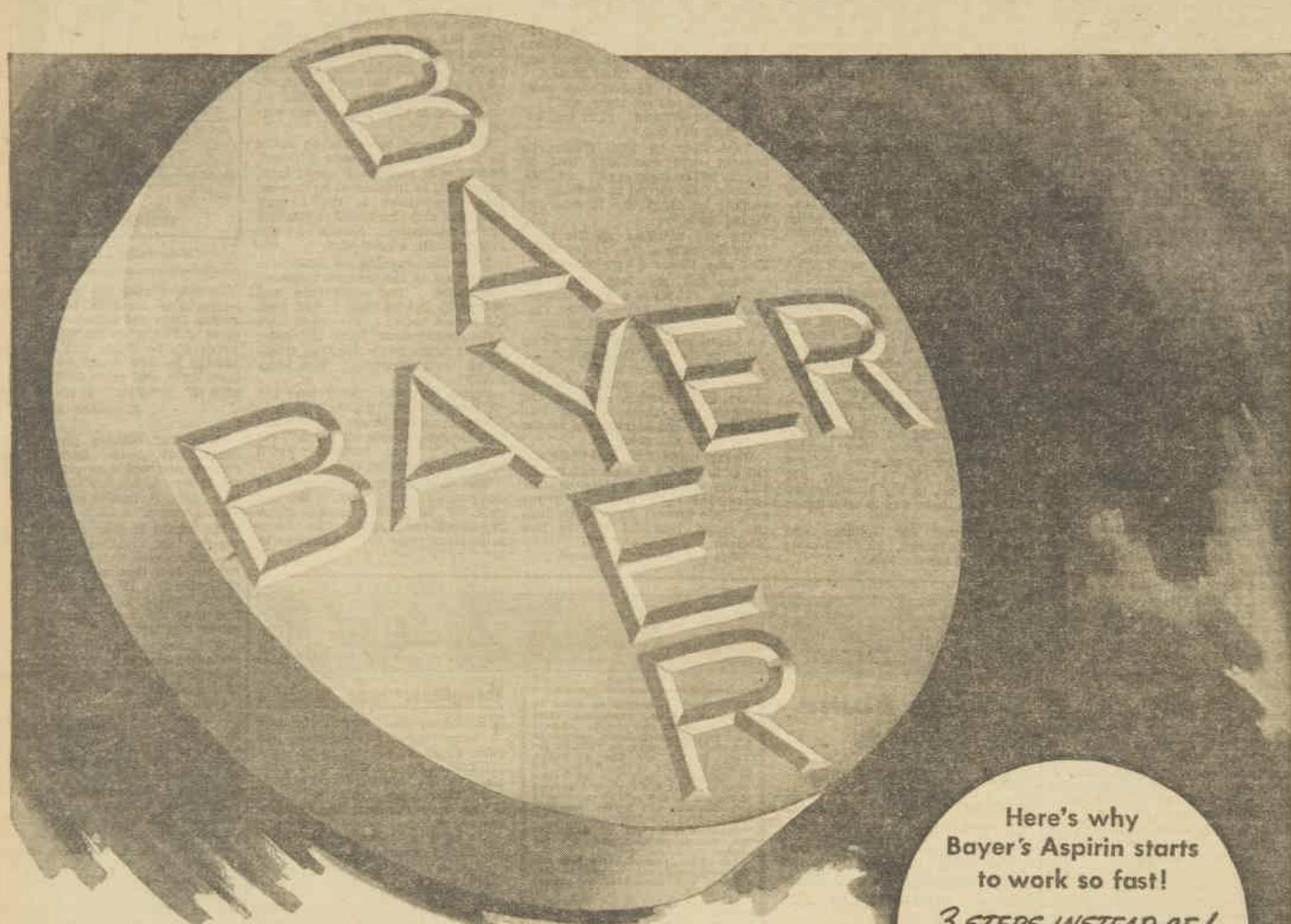
The Dane said, "He is ver' good man. Over a year I have been flying with him, and I know."

There was a little pause. "Thank you, Gunnar," Gervase said at last. "I know that, but it's nice to be told."

He had to wait for his introduction to fly fishing, because next day they flew to Whitsand to collect B. for Robert, now repaired and in flying condition, with a new wing and a new port engine and propeller. They flew up as passengers in B. for Sammy, piloted by Flight-Lieutenant Johnson, taking off with the first light of dawn, and arriving in time for breakfast in the mess. They did a flight test of Robert in the forenoon and found it satisfactory, and flew back in company with Sammy after lunch.

Please turn to page 28

GET AMAZINGLY FAST RELIEF WITH 2-SECOND DISINTEGRATING ACTION



A tablet cannot start to relieve a headache or any nerve or muscular pain till it has dissolved in the stomach. You can *prove* that Bayer's Aspirin starts disintegrating within 2 seconds, by making this simple test: Just drop a Bayer's Aspirin Tablet into a glass of water. See it begin to disintegrate before it touches the bottom. That's exactly what happens when you swallow it.



which means that Bayer's Aspirin goes to work almost at once.

When it comes to reliable relief, remember — Bayer's is the *original* Aspirin tablet, used successfully by many thousands of people in Australia for over a quarter of a century. So for *fast and dependable* relief, always buy by name. Ask for Bayer's Aspirin —

Bottle of 24, 1/3

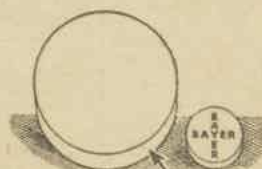
Bottle of 100, 4/-

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WITH BAYER'S ASPIRIN TABLETS

Here's why
Bayer's Aspirin starts
to work so fast!

3 STEPS INSTEAD OF 1



Money can't buy this giant tablet. For it is made with aspirin powder in its original state. Although normal size tablets could be made from such powder, Bayer manufacture goes beyond this. To give Bayer's Aspirin its remarkable disintegrating speed, 3 steps are taken instead of one:

1. The aspirin powder is tested and compressed into tablets 8 times larger than normal.
2. These "giants" are crushed — reduced again to powder — and this powder is passed through an extremely fine screen.
3. After the "binder" is added, the familiar Bayer's Aspirin Tablets bearing the famous cross are made. This painstaking 3-way operation is responsible for Bayer's Aspirin astonishingly fast disintegrating action — an action so swift that Bayer's Aspirin goes to work to relieve pain almost the instant you take it!



CLARK McKay, who plays Jim Brewster in the new 2GB serial, "Sporting Blood."

Racing is serial highlight

Leading figures in Australian sporting life will be featured in the new 2GB radio serial, "Sporting Blood," which will begin on Monday, July 2, at 6.30 and continue each Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

The story epitomises the Australian's love of horses and horse-racing.

NAMES such as Darby Munro, Billy Cook, Ted Bartle, Maurice McCarten, George Price, Lou Robertson, and other outstanding identities of the Turf who are still well in the public eye, will have their rightful place in the story as it proceeds.

At times it may be possible to bring one or the other to the microphone to play a part in which each personality, being himself, is the only one who could give the best account of his own experience.

Primarily, "Sporting Blood" is a story of a young soldier, who is discharged as unfit from the Army. He is restless and intolerant, until fortune brings him among the things he loved best in his boyhood—horses.

Then follows a story of strong-willed men with gentle hands, of rolling country plains and the close-clipped lawns of Randwick, Flemington, Moonee Valley, Mentone, thronged with excited crowds cheering flying hoofs, of warm friendships, loyalty, love, intrigue, and hatred.

The author, Mr. R. MacKinnon, spent many years as a jackeroo.

In his early days, he worked on station properties handling sheep and cattle, and he is a horseman of considerable ability.

Added to this is the fact that Mr. MacKinnon grew up in a racing family. His father, Dr. R. R. S. MacKinnon, was a member of the A.J.C. and honorary surgeon to that body for 33 years.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, June 7: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, June 8 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."
FRIDAY, June 9: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, June 10: Goodie Reeve presents R.A.D. competitions, "Melody Potpourri."
SUNDAY, June 11 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, June 12: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from the Services."
TUESDAY, June 13: "Music From Other Lands."

FASHION FROCK SERVICE



"DOROTHEA"

Ultra-smart pinafore frock and blouse

All in readiness to wear, "DOROTHEA" is available in two fabrics:

1.—A beautiful cotton twill (with a gabardine appearance) in shades of turquoise, evening-beige, sky-blue, and morning-grey, this cloth is of excellent quality and will wear exceedingly well.

2.—A "Glory" rayon staple fibre cloth of warmer texture, and is available in shades of light grey, rose, apple-green, brick-red, mustard, and sage-blue.

Blouse has a high-fitting Peter Pan collar, and long sleeves gathered into a wristband in white rayon crepe-de-chine only.

Pinafore shows the new "U"-shaped neckline, seated at the edge, with shoulders with welted armholes, slim bodice, twin hip pockets and a pleated skirt.

Pinafore, Ready to Wear, in "American Twill": 32, 34in. bust, 38/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, 40in. bust, 39/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/3d.

Pinafore, Ready to Wear, in "Glory" staple fibre: 32, 34in. bust, 40/11 (13 coupons); 36, 38, 40in. bust, 42/6 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/3d.

Blouse, Ready to Wear, in white rayon crepe-de-chine: 32, 34in. bust, 36/8 (7 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 38/11 (7 coupons). Postage, 1/2d. extra.

N.B.—When ordering, please make second choice in color to avoid disappointment and delay. How to obtain "DOROTHEA": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount, include coupons, and send to Box 388, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. Be sure to give length, bust and hip measurements.



F2827

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 597—DELIGHTFUL APRON

With the pattern clearly traced on a British striped cotton of marvellous quality, this sweet apron is ready to cut out and stitch together. Shades available are pink, apple-green, or sweet lilac, with white stripe. State second shade when ordering.

The design shows a heart-shaped bodice, nipped-in waistline, and fully gathered skirt. Waist is tied with inset band, bow trim at the back.

Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 6/11 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 7/9 (6 coupons). Postage, 3d. extra.

N.B.: Please give second color choice when ordering.

No. 598—SWEET WINTER BLOUSE

Another ready-to-make. With the pattern traced clearly on the patterned blouse satin, in plain ivory or in attractive shades of coral-pink and sky-blue, of coral-pink and sky-blue, this dainty affair with frilled jabot will give the perfect finish to your winter suit.

Neckline is high, front fastens underneath the cascading frills; sleeves are short and tailored.

Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 14/6 (6 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, 15/9 (6 coupons). Postage, 8d. extra.



597



598

F7492



F2829



F2830

F2827.—Men's underpants. Sizes, SM, M, and OS. Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2828.—Beautifully styled suit. Sizes, 32 to 38. Requires 4½yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

Available for one month only from date of issue.

SMALL GIRL'S PETTICOAT AND PANTS

Sizes: 2 to 4, 4 to 6, 6 to 8 yrs.
No. 1.—Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide.
No. 2.—Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide.
No. 3.—Requires 1½yds., 36in. wide.

Concession Coupon

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue, 2d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Send your order to "Pattern Department"—to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388, G.P.O., Adelaide
Box 400, G.P.O., Perth
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Box 388, G.P.O., Melbourne
Box 41, G.P.O., Sydney
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle
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Box 41, G.P.O., Sydney
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

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STREET
SUBURB
TOWN
STATE
SIZE



Pattern Coupon, 2/6/45

• PLEASE NOTE!—To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, and COUPONS. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Daddy came home to-day . . .



THE BAILEY FAMILY in the garden of their flag-decked home in Foam Street, Harbord, on the night Daddy came home. Left to right: Kitty, Mrs. Bailey, Terry, Private Bailey, and Francis.

Tears, laughter at reunion in home of repatriated prisoner

This is the story of a family reunion in one Australian home when a soldier returned after five-and-a-half years' separation from his loved ones.

It is the story of hundreds of homes all over the Commonwealth as batches of released prisoners are repatriated or R.A.A.F. men transferred from the European to the Pacific theatre of war.

By ANNA CLARK

THE Bailey family was up at 6 o'clock in the morning.

They had hardly slept all night, for this Wednesday was to be the happiest day in their lives.

Daddy was coming home.

Daddy had been a prisoner of war in German prison camps for four years.

Mrs. Bailey and their three daughters, Terry (10), Kitty (9), and Francis (6), had not seen him for five and a half years.

Daddy was Private Lou Bailey, of the 6th Division, A.I.F., who had

joined up in 1939, fought through Libya to Benghazi in the first Western Desert campaign, and been captured in Greece.

So it was a very important day for the Baileys.

The little cottage in Foam Street, Harbord, N.S.W., was gay when they woke up.

Big flags hung over the two front windows and draped the front door.

The living-room and dining-room were hung with streamers and paper flags. The vases were filled with scarlet poinsettias. Flags blossomed among their petals.

Mummy took the curling-rags from the little girls' long, fair hair.

New, pink satin hair-ribbons were brought out and made into lovely bows on each head.

Their pretty printed frocks, ironed the night before, were put on under little green knitted bolero jackets.

There was a knock at the door and a cheery "Ho!" as Mrs. Bailey was putting on her new green hat.

It was Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. Bailey's mother, laden with parcels and dressed ready to accompany her daughter and granddaughters to meet their hero.

"Poor Old Joe" was brought out from one of the parcels. He was plump and big, and golden all over.

"Poor Old Joe" was Mrs. Fraser's favorite rooster at her home in

REUNITED after five and a half years, Private and Mrs. Lou Bailey, of Harbord, N.S.W. Private Bailey was among a large batch of prisoners repatriated recently.

Wagga. He was named after Stalin because he was a Rhode Island Red. Mrs. Fraser said she hated killing him, but couldn't think of a better occasion for the chopping-block than Lou's homecoming.

"He is the best son-in-law in the world," she said.

So the family set out to meet Daddy.

When they got to the wharf they were told the ship was still outside the Heads because of the thick fog. It was disappointing, but the children chattered incessantly as the hours of waiting passed.

"There he is!"

LITTLE Francis, who was only six months old when her father went away, speculated about Daddy, and said she would recognise him from his photographs.

At last the ship was there.

Terry saw him first, and screamed, "There he is!" Everybody laughed and cried at once. The children scrambled all over him.

Daddy didn't know what to say, but gradually the little girls broke down the strain, and everybody laughed and talked again together.

There was a long wait at the military depot, where all the liberated men were taken for medical tests, leave passes, and pay.

The men were fit and sunburnt after the care they had received in England and on the trip out.

They found the whole setting unbelievable. The horrible nightmare of the last four years had already begun to slip away.

I talked to Private Bailey while he lined up with all the other liberated men to get their passes and pay, and he told me his story.

After he was captured, he had been taken to a German prison camp in Greece, where he met his best cobbler, Private Reg Munro, of Avoca Street, Randwick, N.S.W., who had been through the war with him from Attestation Day at Victoria Barracks, November 4, 1939.

They were together through several prison camps in Germany, and were later sent to a camp in East Prussia, where they were liberated by the Russians.

Before the war, Private Bailey had his own garage in Stanmore, Sydney.

On the day he joined up five of his employees joined up with him, so the garage door was locked and hasn't been opened since.

But Private Bailey doesn't think he will go back to his garage. He

has plans of going into partnership with his friend, Reg Munro, whose wife has a millinery factory in Sydney.

At last all the official side of Private Bailey's homecoming was over, so the family piled into a car supplied by the Red Cross and were driven home to Foam Street.

It was dusk.

The little house which Private Bailey saw for the first time this wife went into it only a couple of years ago! looked gay.

Lights were shining through the flag-draped windows. The door was open and there were lots of happy voices inside. These materialised into relatives and friends when they heard the car at the front gate.

They had been waiting since lunchtime.

Beer and port wine were opened and everybody drank Lou's health.

The table was laden with "Poor Old Joe," green salads, trifles, jellies, cakes, and savories, and precious asparagus stored away for years.

A big fruit cake with white icing and "Welcome Home" written on it was the piece de resistance, and the party began.

Good old days

AS it went on getting happier and brighter, more neighbors and friends dropped in. The good old days were talked over and over.

There was only one guest who didn't make a fuss of Lou. That was Pete, the little dog who has lived in a purely feminine household for a year and doesn't like men.

The table was soon cleared of its richness.

Private Bailey said he would never be able to see a speck of food wasted again.

"I have even brought home a tiny pot of vegetable extract because I couldn't bear to throw it away," he said.

Lou brought out a tiny picture of his daughters in a locket the Germans had tried to take from him.

He might try to commit suicide with the thin gold chain, they said, so he had surrendered the chain but not the precious locket.

The only sad note in his day was the absence of his mother, who was too sick to be there, and his father, who had died six months earlier.

As I left this happy household, Mrs. Bailey's uncle, Mr. T. O'Brien, brought out his fiddle, and everybody was singing "Here We Are Again" songs for Lou.



JELLY TRIFLE, tasted for the first time since he left Australia in 1940, is dished out to Private Bailey by his wife's mother, Mrs. M. Fraser, at the welcome party.



FAMILY LIFE begins again for Private Bailey with a romp on the dining-room floor with his youngest daughter, Francis.



WELCOME-HOME CAKE is cut by Private Bailey at the party arranged for his homecoming.





Always look for the name

MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND SLUMBERWEAR

"KANTSHRINK"

Guaranteed Unshrinkable Wool.

Warm—light—sleazy-soft made from the world's finest wool by the world's oldest and largest manufacturers of knitted goods.

"VELNIT"

Interlock Cotton.

Morley's new fabric ... soft—luxurious—non-irritating—durable ... and manufactured from the finest English cotton yarn only.

Available from Leading Stores Everywhere.



Joris Ivens ready to start film

By PEG McCARTNEY

As Netherlands East Indies film commissioner to Australia, Joris Ivens, world-famous Dutch documentary director, has an important job to do here.

The other day, during one of his brief visits to Sydney, I interviewed this young Dutchman.

Medium height, dark, attractive, Joris Ivens has enormous vitality, and looks incredibly young to be one of the pioneers of documentary films.

MR. IVENS has almost completed his script, and in about a month he expects to leave for the North to start production on his feature-length documentary film. This film will bring to the world, as well as his native Holland, the graphic story of the liberation of Indonesia, combined with the reconstruction of the reborn Netherlands Indies.

Since arriving in this country about three months ago Mr. Ivens has not wasted any time. He has visited our cities, seen much of our country life, organised his staff, and interviewed dozens of people from the islands up north—soldiers, civilian refugees, and natives; anyone who may be able to yield helpful information concerning the subject of his film.

"I am striving to make this film of the liberation a completely factual one," said Mr. Ivens. "I will make the film on the spot, using actual people and backgrounds. There will be as little faking as possible. I want this film to be simply a re-enactment of the drama of the real thing." For his work here, Mr. Ivens has the full co-operation of the film and photo unit of the Netherlands Indies Government Information Service, under the Australian producer, Mr. F. Daniells.

Assistants from America

MR. IVENS is expecting two collaborators from America, both of whom are now working with the motion-picture division of the Office of War Information in Hollywood.

"Marion Michéle, a brilliant story analyst, should arrive soon," said Mr. Ivens. "Shortly before I left the States we worked together on the

script of 'Woman of the Sea,' which was to have starred Greta Garbo."

Helen van Dongen (Mrs. Ivens), who has handled the editing of most of the films made by her famous husband, is also coming to Australia to co-operate with him on his latest venture.

"My wife is working on a documentary film for the United States Office of War Information at present, so she won't be out here for another two months," Mr. Ivens told me. "This time she will collaborate on production as well as handling the editing. Mr. and Mrs. Donald Fraser, from the Canadian National Film Board, are now in Australia to work with the unit."

Friend in Holland

"I HEARD the other day that Jonn Ferno, another collaborator and very great friend of mine, is now in Holland to make a film of the liberation over there. We worked together in Spain and China—now we are covering the same subject from different corners of the globe."

Born in Nijmegen, Holland, Joris Ivens studied economics and finance in Rotterdam, and then studied photo-chemistry before joining his father in the photographic supply business.

In 1929, his first experimental film short called "Rain"—the study of a rainy day—attracted immediate attention, and his film career was started.

For the last ten years this young man has brought the drama of the world to the screen. He "covered" the far-reaching industrial development of the Urals in his "Song of Heroes"; in his native land, the reclamation of the Zuider Zee in the widely discussed documentary, "New Earth." His "Borinage," dealing with life in the coal-mining district of Belgium, resulted in an improvement of conditions for the miners.

Joris Ivens is familiar with the



JORIS IVENS, brilliant Dutch documentary director, and film commissioner to Australia for the Netherlands East Indies, will soon leave for the North to start production on a feature-length film on the liberation of Indonesia, and the reconstruction of the Netherlands East Indies.

bitterness and chaos of war. With his camera he has recorded three armed conflicts in feature-length documentaries.

In 1937 he collaborated with Ernest Hemingway to produce "Spanish Earth," the story of the civil war in Spain.

A year later Ivens was in China making "The Four Hundred Million," depicting the gallant Chinese resistance to Japanese aggression.

The outbreak of World War II found Mr. Ivens in America, working for the U.S. Government. An outstanding example of his work of this war is "Action Stations"—the story of a corvette of the Royal Canadian Navy in the waters of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland.

"What will you do when you finish this feature-length documentary?" I asked.

"Several short features of newswreel

length," Mr. Ivens replied. "For these I intend using the 16mm. color which has already proved so effective in such films as 'Memphis Belle' and 'Fighting Lady'."

"One subject I definitely intend to bring to the screen is the Dutch Women's Corps, about which little is known. Possibly another will deal with medical aid to the Indonesian people."

When I asked Mr. Ivens of his post-war plans, his reply was prompt.

"I want to go back to Holland," he said. "After that, I can't tell you. When I was covering the civil war in Spain I thought I would next like to do a film in U.S.A.—instead I went to China."

"Maybe I'll do a peaceful film in the middle of Java, maybe in Europe, who can tell? My future plans are linked up with history."

News from the studios

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD is frantically making elaborate preparations to receive an influx of visitors from the San Francisco conference. It is expected that most of the four hundred delegates and their complete staffs will visit the studios at the rate of twenty per day during the next few weeks.

The first visitors were six Turkish delegates, who went to the Columbia set to watch Rosalind Russell and Lee Bowman in a scene from the whimsical comedy "Some Call It Love." The setting for the first day's shooting was a railway carriage, which was built on a set with rockers underneath to give a realistic swaying motion.

The Turkish visitors watched in wide-eyed amazement, but enthusiastically accepted Rex's offer to afternoon tea later.

FOX have bought the screen rights to the current best-selling novel, "Anna and the King of Siam," and are planning to star Dorothy Maguire in the title role.

PARAMOUNT are trying to persuade Olive Brook to return from England to play the leading role in "To Each His Own." Brook made a great success in England in "On Approval," in which he was starred, and also handled the direction.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND was rushed to hospital in Boston with a recurrence of the disease contracted while on an entertainment tour of the South Pacific.

BEARDED Orson Welles was highly pleased when he was mistaken for a foreign diplomat in San Francisco, where he has gone to give a series of lectures on world freedom. Welles has grown a beard for his forthcoming role in "Tomorrow is Forever," in which he co-stars with Claudette Colbert.

ALICE PAYE will make a screen comeback in the Fox film "Fallen Angel." Alice has not made a film since 1943, when she retired to have her second child.

Pastoral

Continued from page 23

AT the dispersal

point the ground crew received Robert critically, unwilling to believe that a good job could have been carried out upon a Wellington at any Lancaster station. The aircrew gathered with the ground crew to examine the repair; the machine was flying left wing down, the port engine was running rich, and the rear turret and the D/F set were still unserviceable.

"We'll have a crack at her tomorrow morning," said the pilot. "If we can clear off the port engine and the alternators with a flight test, we can go fishing in the afternoon while the armorers get busy with the turret." He turned to his crew. "We've got some trout fishing offered to us," he said. "Reds and all thrown in."

Sergeant Phillips said, "We all got letters about it, Cap. Where is it, anyway?"

"Out by Chipping Hinton, I'll show you, if you're interested."

The rear-gunner rubbed his chin. "I never fished with fly. I'd not know how."

Sergeant Cobbett said unexpectedly. "I have. I'll put you in the way of it."

They turned to him in surprise. "Where did you pick that up, Flight?"

He said, "My mother's people got a farm in Wales. I got a rod and all back home."

"Okay," said Marshall.

He took them out next afternoon; Gervase was on duty and could not come. He caught one fish and saw Gunnar Franck catch another, but his mind was not upon the job, and presently he left them to ride back to Hariley for tea in

the mess, where he would find Gervase.

In the evening light he took her for a walk round the country lanes. With no more than a fortnight of their month left to go, they deemed a day wasted if they did not meet. As they went they talked about the work. "We're all ready to go again now," said Marshall. "They passed the turret out this afternoon. That was the last thing."

Gervase said: "I believe the station has been given a week's rest—if so, that's up to-morrow night. Charwick and Wittington were out on Saturday, and again last night." She glanced up at him. "How are you feeling now, Peter?"

"I feel fine," he said. "I'd rather like to do another one."

They turned aside presently behind a spinney and exchanged a token of mutual goodwill; presently they came out again a little dishevelled and sat upon a stile and smoked a cigarette together before turning back to camp. They were sitting on the stile when the crew found them, Gunnar and Phillips and Cobbett all riding back to camp upon their bicycles.

Marshall slipped down from the stile and stopped them. "Do any good?" he asked.

Sergeant Cobbett said: "We got seven beauties—the one Gunnar caught while you was there and then six others. They come on fine just after you left, sir."

They gathered round examining the fish and talking.

"Pity old Leech wasn't with us,"

said the gunner. "He wouldn't half have had some fun."

"He'll be back before long," said Marshall. "He's leaving hospital and going off on leave to-morrow."

"It won't seem right," said Phillips, "going with a stranger in the crew."

That day was Wednesday. They did their next operation on Friday night to Cassel, loaded with incendiaries. It went without incident in R for Robert; the long hours of watchful peering through the darkness from the pilot's seat passed pleasantly enough for Marshall, because he had arranged to take Gervase to the pictures the following afternoon. They landed back a little before dawn, and he slept quietly and happily and well till lunch-time.

Gervase did not do so well. She spent the night in the control office, a night of secret worry and anxiety until the Mission Completed signal came from Robert. For the next two and a half hours she went through her duties mechanically, still anxious, till the machines began to arrive back. She went out to the balcony and watched the aircraft land and taxi to dispersal, then she went back to her work sick with relief.

A couple of hours later she went to bed, but she had been too strained and anxious for the last few hours to sleep very well. This operation made fifty-six. There were four more to be done before he would be safe.

To be continued

Film Reviews

★★ KISMET

MGM's lush Eastern fantasy presents such an exotic eyeful of technicolor that one is quite willing to overlook its many faults and improbabilities.

Surrounded by dazzling sets, and dressed up in a rich array of costumes, the cast really set about their roles with obvious enjoyment.

In among all this splendor you will see Ronald Colman, swaggering at ease as the fascinating Baghdad beggar and professional adventurer; Marlene Dietrich as the scintillating queen of the dancing girls—with the famous Dietrich legs all done up in gold paint; Edward Arnold, the sly and treacherous Grand Vizier; James Craig as the Caliph, posing as a gardener's son; and Joy Ann Page, charming as Colman's beautiful daughter.

The script, in tempo and situations, is strongly reminiscent of some of the old Douglas Fairbanks pictures, but director William Dieterle manages to inject a few touches of whimsy.—Liberty; showing.

★ MAN FROM FRISCO

THIS film gets away to a lively and entertaining start, but slumps into a trite romance between Michael O'Shea and Anne Shirley. O'Shea struggles hard to bring

some conviction to the role of the construction engineer who turns out to be the production genius of the shipyard, but he just isn't the right type.

Anne Shirley is adequate but uninspired in the stereotyped role of the girl who starts off by disliking the young genius, but who, of course, winds up in his arms.

For such a film the action should be swiftly paced, but instead, director Robert Florey allows the show to drool along in a leisurely manner.

The saving graces of the show are the performances of Gene Lockhart and Stephanie Bachelor.—Civic; showing.

SEE MY LAWYER

REMEMBERING the hilarious antics of Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson in "Hellzapoppin'" makes their latest unfunny comedy seem even more dreary.

Universal have completely wasted this team on a dull story, and hardly a fresh gag. The crazy type of comedy at which Olsen and Johnson are masters is completely lacking, and the boys are completely at a loss.

The trite tale revolves round their efforts to break their contract at a night-club by antagonising the customers, and the resultant lawsuit.

Noah Beery, Jun., Alan Curtis, and Grace McDonald are mixed up in this hodge-podge.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.



Movie World

● GAIL RUSSELL, raven-haired, blue-eyed, eighteen-year-old, is well on the way to becoming one of Paramount's most popular leading ladies. Gail started out to be a commercial artist, but two of the boys in her class persuaded a Hollywood talent scout

to take a look at her, and the result was a screen contract for Gail. Following a couple of minor roles, Gail won the coveted role in "The Uninvited," and will next star with Joel McCrea and Herbert Marshall in the psychological drama, "The Unseen."

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Experiment Perilous . . .



1 DR. HUNT BAILEY (George Brent) meets Cissie Bederaux (Olive Blakeney) on New York bound train. A few hours later he hears of Cissie's mysterious death.



2 HUNT falls in love with Allida (Hedy Lamarr), who is married to Cissie's brother Nick (Paul Lukas).



3 SOMETHING is obviously troubling Allida, and Nick intimates to Hunt that his wife is insane, and her attitude is harmful to their young son Alec.

A FIENDISH plot to kill by the power of suggestion forms the basis of RKO's thrilling psychopathic drama, "Experiment Perilous."

Adapted from Margaret Carpenter's best-selling novel, the studio reverse the innumerable instances in which stories have been brought up to date for the screen, and set the tale back by fifty years. The original book is laid in present-day New York, but the adaptation is against a 1900 background. The suggestion came from Hedy Lamarr, "to heighten dramatic suspense and add color," she said.



4 BY ACCIDENT Hunt gets Cissie's diary, and when reading contents becomes suspicious of Nick's sanity.



5 WHEN ALLIDA and Hunt are together, a note is delivered to Hunt telling him of Nick's "suicide." Hunt does not believe this, and without telling Allida he takes her home to pack her things and escape.



6 OBVIOUSLY MAD, Nick blows up the house and kills himself, but Hunt saves both Allida and Alec.



7 FREED of the man who tried to destroy her, Allida at last realises her great love for Hunt.



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Coty

3-44



I HEARD YOU SINGING

Glad and gay,
 And paused to listen on my way,
 Your voice rose clear and told to me
 That you of cough and cold were free.
 I heard you singing but last night,
 Bowed down by influenza's blight—
 The aid you sought to ease assure
 I brought in Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Every Woman!

"Coverspot"
 Conceals Blemishes"

PLAIDS REVERSED WITH PLAIN MATERIAL ... for winter ensembles

• A three-piece coat and suit ensemble. The topcoat is done in a gray plaid heavy wool faced with the plain gray material of the suit. The suit is one of the new cardigan types made distinctive by the four pockets on the jacket, which are outlined by red wool cords and tassel. The skirt has a deep front pleat. Coat and suit are equally successful worn separately.



• A wool frock with its own matching waist-length cape. The dress in tobacco-brown criss-crossed with yellow and white plaid features a high neck. The three-quarter sleeves and two large hip pockets are cuffed with the plain fabric of the cape. The cape itself for extra warmth is lined and faced with the plaid.



• Blue-and-white check tweed woollen for a strictly tailored suit. Note the new long narrow revers to the waist, the one jigger button for closing, and the folded-back front-sections of the jacket basque. The skirt is slim with no fullness at all. The blouse with its soft neck bow is watermelon-pink sheer woollen.

Rena



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BETTER ROSES . . . from balanced diets

NOW that June is here our thoughts naturally run to rose planting—one of the current jobs done during the dormant season.

But how many gardeners plant roses without preparing the soil or without considering their dietary requirements? The answer to that is difficult—but it probably runs into millions every year.

While many rose-growers take the question of feeding too seriously, others ignore the plant-food requirements of the queen of flowers entirely.

But where the soil has been properly prepared, fertilisation becomes a very minor part of rose culture.

The first requisite is abundance of organic matter—leafmould, well-rotted manure, and compost. When new beds are being made, one or a combination of these materials should be worked deeply and evenly through the soil.

Unless the soil is already high in humus, as much as 25 per cent. by volume of organic matter can be used.

The elements likely to be lacking are nitrogen, phosphoric acid, potash, calcium, and iron, and these have to be added. If the soil is naturally sweet or alkaline, some steps should be made to change it to slightly acid, and this can be done by working in from 1 to 10lb. of powdered sulphur for each 100 square feet of soil.

But soil that is too acid is also unfavorable for roses, and this needs correcting by liming.

To keep the soil right for roses, a well-balanced fertiliser such as 4-1-1 is generally used. This consists of four parts of superphosphate, and one part each of nitrogen (nitrate of soda or sulphate of ammonia) and potash.

Such mixtures can be used at the rate of a double handful to the square yard—and it is not necessary to obtain a special fertiliser for roses. Most of the good brands offered for vegetables will suit roses.

When planting roses bear in mind that they are mostly sun-worshippers. A few (very few) thrive in semi-shade, but all the popular types need full sunlight. Bear in mind, too, that roses when mature have large bodies and long arms, and need a lot of room, particularly climbers and robust types such as Maman Cochet and Radiance varieties.

By . . .
**OUR HOME
GARDENER**



Don't let a
HEAD-COLD
wreck your day

Few things can more thoroughly spoil work and play than a stuffed-up nose that won't let you breathe. But don't despair. You can clear your nose quickly—and easily—with a few drops of Vicks Vapo-rol up each nostril.

HITS THE SPOT

This specialized medication goes straight to the place where help is needed. Swiftly it clears the nose, shrinks swollen membranes, relieves irritation—makes breathing cool and clear.

Keep it handy always. And remember that if you use it at the first sneeze, you can prevent many colds.



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Væculoid has a wonderful record for quick, safe, and lasting relief to pile sufferers. It will do the same for you. Chemists anywhere sell Væculoid.

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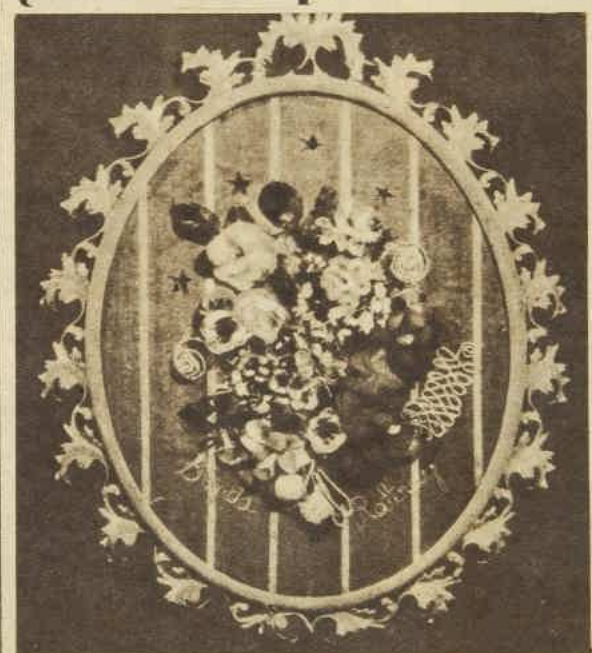
Cerebos

TABLE SALT

REMEMBER IT! IT WILL BE BACK
WHEN PEACE COMES.

YOU'LL have double the quantity of roses if you follow the advice given in the accompanying article . . . Cut early, plunge to neck in water; crush stem-ends before arranging.

Quaint flower-piece for home



IF YOU want to have something charming and new in your home, make this flower-piece for your living-room or daughter's bedroom. The artistic homemaker who made this used a lovely old frame, some soft, deepish blue paper-covered cardboard with bands of narrow ribbon fixed across it, a few silver stars, and a medley of artificial flowers.

ALL who saw the framed flower-piece pictured above wanted to copy it.

You don't have to be specially clever-fingered to make it, but an artistic arrangement of flowers and leaves is called for. Keep to white and silver, soft pinks, cyclamen, blues, pale violet, gold, and brown.

Here are the instructions for making the flower-piece:

The background is just a piece of cardboard—the size and shape will depend on the frame you are to use.

Over the cardboard paste some

plain, thick paper, and over the paper some bands of narrow ribbon. Fasten these securely at the back.

The artificial flowers and the bright beads attached to wires are stitched to the cardboard to form a bouquet, with here and there little spirals of wire which have been dipped in white paint.

If you haven't a few butterflies and stars saved from your pre-war chocolate-boxes they can be made from colored cellophane.

Fix them to the cardboard, and then enclose the whole "piece" in the frame.



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Take an interest in their activities



SHE'S A BUSY YOUNG MOTHER, but she does find the time to play with her two small girls as well as interest herself in their childish activities.



CHARMING PICTURE of a little Australian playing "hide and seek" with mother. Even busy parents can make time for fun with their kiddies.

● Children have a right to expect parents to take an active interest in their affairs.

By SISTER MARY JACOB

IN these busy days of stress and of many away-from-home activities the art of leisure, of home recreation and family fun is in danger of being lost.

Children love to experiment and create things for themselves, and they are encouraged when Mum or Dad has the leisure to take an interest in what they are trying to do, and to foster this creative instinct. It is natural for a child to want to draw pictures, to act, to dance, to make music, or write stories, and these natural impulses should not be discouraged or thwarted.

The home should be the place where the individual, child or adult, can have a chance to do things that are not measured by outside standards; where a drawing need not be perfect, a story can be crude, or a musical instrument badly played, and yet the efforts can give fun and satisfaction.

Parents should always try to realise that home should be a place of peace and security to all the members of the family. This ideal cannot be obtained unless they spare leisure time from their too-busy lives to take an interest in their children's play activities and family fun and entertainment.

Good news about cancer...

By MEDICO

JOAN LAWTON had a lump in her breast. She had just noticed it when she was reading in bed and had propped the book on her chest.

She was forty and thought that it might be cancer. I was able to assure her, even before examining it, that only eleven per cent. of patients who suspected that they have cancer actually are so affected. But all these patients received immediate medical attention and they all avoided needless worry.

"Why I thought the lump might be cancer was because it gave no warning," said Joan.

"But cancer always does give warnings. They are simple," I said.

"Any unusual lump or thickness, especially in the breast.

"An irregular or unexplained bleeding.

"A sore that does not heal, especially about the mouth, tongue, or lips.

"Continued loss of appetite or persistent, unexplained indigestion.

"A change in the form, color, or size of a wart or mole.

"A persistent change in the normal habit of elimination."

"Is cancer curable?" asked Joan. "Hundreds of thousands of people have been cured of cancer," I replied.

"The proportion of cures has increased in recent years as knowledge and skill have extended. Today we have much better facilities for diagnosis and treatment. The most important advance is the public appreciation that successful treatment depends on early recognition."

"Is there any medicine or ointment which will help?" asked Joan.

"The only known methods of treating cancer are X-rays, radium, and surgery. These are proved methods and to-day are curing conditions which a few years ago would have been considered hopeless.

"You are a very wise woman in having the lump examined early, Joan."

The lump was removed and an examination at a medical laboratory showed that it was not a cancer, it was a cyst. The examination was made while the operation was in progress. (All names fictitious.)

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES says:

AM told that a couple of teaspoons of sugar added to a vase in which marigolds are arranged keeps them sweeter—as far as odor is concerned.

KEEP pieces of string in neat knots in a glass jar. Handler than tin or bag.

HAS your aluminium frying-pan buckled? Heat well and tap gently all over with hammer.

COPPER kettles should be washed in hot, soapy water and a scouring agent, rinsed and dried, and then cleaned with methylated spirit before applying metal polish. If done every day, your kettle will keep beautifully bright and clean.



RADIO STAR Bebe Scott, of "Judge Marshall's Family," refurbishes war-weary furniture with easily laundered antimacassars in the new style.

HERE IS THE TRUTH ABOUT VITAMINS

Every man, woman and child needs more vitamins than the daily food supplies. As a leading physician recently pointed out. "You may be eating well but in reality starving yourself, yet the necessary vitamins can be had by the poor as easily as by the rich."

Why risk the dangers of vitamin starvation when a spoonful of Bemax added daily to the normal diet will ensure an adequate supply of essential vitamins? There is no other way to obtain sufficient vitamins at so low a cost.

No other tonic can do all that Bemax does, because no other tonic is so rich in vitamins. That is why Bemax is unequalled for that "below par" feeling and for building up buoyant health.

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● Six o'clock on Saturday and the family home, hearty and hungry, with at least one visitor who has to take "pot-luck."

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

HERE are menu plans, quick to fix, easy to extend, and satisfying.

These are menus for the winter months. After football, after winter hikes, after Saturday half-day chores appetites are sharp. The piping-hot dishes of these menus are the answer.

(1) **Tomato Juice**
Sausages, Corn, Baked Onion
Marmalade Pancakes
Coffee

Tomato Juice.—Canned tomato juice on the market is a boon to menu-makers. It makes a colorful appetiser for any meal as well as being a treasure for varying sauces, soups, and entrees. Dilute the juice to taste, according to brand used, usual 1 cup of juice to 1 of water. Season with pepper, salt, and Worcestershire sauce. Serve chilled in glasses, allowing up to 1 cup per serve. Or serve hot in cups with cheese biscuits or Melba toast.

Sausages, Corn, and Baked Onion.—Allow 2 or 3 sausages, 1 corn-cob, 1 average-sized onion, and 1 apple for each person. Bake the sausages and halved onion in a hot oven (400deg. F.) for 20 to 30 minutes, allowing about the same time for the apples. Strip husks from

the corn and cook the cobs in boiling water, without salt, until tender, about 20 minutes. Drain and strip corn from cob. Allow about 1 cup white sauce to 2 cups corn and place in oven-proof dish. Top with sausages and return to oven for 5 to 10 minutes. Top also with bacon rashers, if any available, leaving in the oven until the bacon is crisp and cooked; the drippings flavor the corn. Serve piping-hot with the onion, which may be glazed during last few minutes of cooking with brown sugar and spice. Serve also the hot, savory apples.

Marmalade Pancakes.—Spread hot, freshly made pancakes with marmalade. Roll and pack together and keep hot in the oven.

The pancakes may be sprinkled with grated cheese, which will melt, glazing the pancakes in the heat of the oven.

(2) **Tomato Pies**
Crisp Cabbage Coleslaw
with Spiced Creamy Dressing
Hot Rhubarb Cakes
Tea

Tomato Pies are best served very hot. For four people make up 12oz. shortcrust pastry, and for the filling allow 4 tomatoes, 2 onions, 3 cups diced, cooked potato, 1 dessertspoon dripping, and 1 dessertspoon flour, pepper, and salt. Peel the tomatoes and slice. Fry the

sliced onions in the dripping until tender. Add the tomatoes and cook for few minutes. Stir in the flour and bring mixture to the boil. Add the potatoes and season to taste. Line patty-tins with thinly rolled pastry. Pile filling into pastry-cases. Moisten edges of pastry and top with pastry rounds. Glaze with milk and bake in a very hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

Crisp Coleslaw.—Slice the washed, crisp leaves of cabbage as finely as possible, allowing about 1 to 1 1/2 cup shredded cabbage per serve. Season with pepper and salt and a little finely chopped onion or shallot. Add if liked also a little grated apple. Chill and serve topped with favorite creamy salad dressing, seasoned with nutmeg, a hint of ground clove, and ginger.

For very cold days the slaw may be heated in a creamy dressing or well-seasoned sauce and served at once, crisp and hot.

Hot Rhubarb Cakes can be whipped up quickly. To 8oz. self-raising flour add 1 teaspoon spice and 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind. Rub in 3oz. shortening (dripping or margarine) and 3oz. brown sugar. Mix to a smooth thick batter with 1 beaten egg and milk. Add 1 cup chopped rhubarb and cook in greased patties in a hot oven (400deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

(3) **Creamed Spaghetti**
with Meat Garnish and Diced Carrots
Apple Salad
Hot Gingerbread Patties
Coffee

Creamed Spaghetti with Meat Garnish and Diced Carrots.—Allow 8oz. spaghetti for 4 to 5 service portions. Cook in plenty of

CREAMED SPAGHETTI, interesting with onion and herbs, served with diced carrot and a garnish of meat. Menus on this page make little or no demand on the meat ration.

fast-boiling, salted water until tender. Drain and rinse in cold water. Add to 2 cups white sauce to which 2 sliced boiled onions, sage-leaf, or tiny pinch of dried sage or marjoram, pinch of spice, and 3 tablespoons of grated, sharp cheese have been added.

A good dash of dry sherry gives an interesting flavor to this mixture. Chopped capsicum may be added for color and flavor. Heat thoroughly and pile into hot dish.

For meat garnish use chopped ham or tongue or bologna sausage, crumbled, crisp bacon, or sauteed kidneys. Serve with hot diced carrots; these are delicious if tossed in a little hot bacon fat and chopped mint.

Apple Salad.—Choose crisp, juicy apples and cut in wedges with a stainless knife. Serve with celery curls, radish or turnip strips and lettuce. Season salad with clear lemon-juice dressing and serve with wholemeal-bread sandwiches or roll-tops.

Peanut butter on the sandwiches pairs well with this salad.

(4) **Potato and Oyster Stew**
Hot Scone Wedges
Baked Apples
Black Coffee

Potato and Oyster Stew.—Allow 2 cups diced cooked potato, 2 cups good white sauce, and 3 dozen oysters to four persons.

Beard the oysters and plump and heat in the sauce. Add the potatoes, season with pepper, salt, and lemon juice, and heat thoroughly. Sprinkle each very hot portion with finely chopped mint, and top, if possible, with crisp bacon curl. Grilled

tomato halves, topped with cheese, may be served for color.

Baked Apples.—Core apples and cut skin round centre to prevent uneven splitting. Stuff with bread-crumbs flavored with spice and grated orange rind and sweetened with brown sugar or honey. Place in greased oven-dish with 1 or 2 tablespoons of water, and bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) until tender, about 30 minutes.

Delicious if baked during last few minutes of cooking with honey and orange juice. Serve hot or cold.

(5) **Hot Vegetable Cobbler**
Baked Tomatoes
Lemon Snow
Coffee

Hot Vegetable Cobbler.—Allow 2 to 3 cups diced, cooked vegetables, 1 cup good brown sauce to four people. For this quantity sift 8oz. self-raising flour with 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Rub in 1 to 2oz. shortening and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly. Place vegetables and sauce in bottom of a round cake-tin, seasoning to taste. Top with round of dough. Mark in wedges. Bake in very hot oven (450deg. F.) for about 30 minutes.

Turn out with vegetable mixture on top and serve hot and freshly made with baked tomato halves.

Lemon Snow.—The sharp sweetness of lemon and orange dishes pairs well with the heavy main dishes of winter menus. Sweeten 1 pint of lemon juice diluted with water and thicken with 2 tablespoons cornflour. When cool whip in 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites.

SCRAPHEAP- HERE I COME!

NO POT OR PAN CAN
STAND UP TO SCRATCHY
CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE
THINGS CLEAN



Clean
Smoothly with
VIM
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LIKE MINE TODAY. YET I'M
GOOD AS EVER. THAT'S
SMOOTH-CLEANING WITH
VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED
PARTICLES!



Vm. 4-32

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To
Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has
been a hairdresser for more than fif-
teen years, recently made the follow-
ing statement:—"Anyone can prepare
a simple mixture at home that will
darken grey hair and make it soft and
lustrous. To a half-pint of water add a
box of Orlex Compound and a little
perfume. These ingredients can be
bought at any chemist's at very little
cost. Apply to the hair twice a week
until the desired shade is obtained.
This should make a grey-haired per-
son appear 10 to 20 years younger. It
does not discolour the scalp, is not
sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

GLO-RUB

is an effective and comforting
CHEST RUB and INHALANT.
It is very useful and soothing in
the external treatment of . . .

Colds, Catarrh and Hay Fever

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SLICED POTATOES, baked first in jackets, top this casserole of rabbit.
Dot with margarine, sprinkle liberally with grated cheese, and return
to oven to brown.

WINTER PUDDINGS

● Hot winter puddings are first favorites
in this week's mail. They are the fashion
in these days of meat rationing.

GOOD, hot pastries
satisfy winter appet-
ites. Varieties are
endless, and this
week's first prize gives
two methods of baking banana
rolls. Try orange marmalade
sometimes in the place of the
apricot jam.

Brown Joe is an economy
pudding. Try for variation a
teaspoon of spice sifted with
the flour and a teaspoon of
grated orange rind in the
mixing.

Send in to this weekly recipe com-
petition your favorite winter cas-
serole, soup, pastry, or pudding. Or
send in that delicious little extra
recipe you have concocted like the
date butter or mock asparagus rolls
in this week's prize list.

Cash prizes are awarded each
week.

BANANA FLUFF ROLL

Eight ounces short or flaky pastry,
about 6 small bananas, apricot jam,
lemon juice, castor sugar.

Roll pastry to thin sheet and cut
into oblong pieces, large enough to
roll round each banana. Split
bananas, spread with apricot jam,
and dust with castor sugar. Sand-
wich together again and place each
banana on pastry oblongs. Moisten
edges of pastry, fold over, and

press together. Glaze with milk and
bake in hot oven (450deg. F.) for 15
minutes. Serve hot. These rolls
are also delicious packed into oven-
ware dish, partly covered with hot
milk, and baked in hot oven 25 to
30 minutes; they absorb milk and
brown on top.

First Prize of £1 to Wilma Thorpe,
Yielma Post Office, via Nathalia,
Vic.

GOLDEN DUMPLINGS

Two tablespoons golden syrup, 1
dessertspoon margarine, squeeze of
lemon juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup
water for syrup. For dumplings, 4oz.
self-raising flour, 1 dessertspoon
butter or margarine, 1 egg (may be
omitted), little milk.

Heat the golden syrup, margarine,
lemon juice, sugar, and water in a
saucepan. Sift the flour, rub in the
butter. Beat the egg and add enough
milk to make 1 cup. Mix egg and
milk into the flour. Form into small
dumplings, drop into syrup. Cover.
Cook gently about 20 minutes. Serve
at once.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
F. McWilliams, 52 Foster St., South
Geelong, Vic.

MOCK ASPARAGUS ROLLS

Brussels sprouts, salt, pepper, little
butter, buttered brown bread.

Cook sprouts quickly in boiling,
salted water until tender. Drain at
once and saute in a little butter or
margarine and a squeeze of lemon
and allow to cool. Remove crusts
from bread, butter lightly, and roll
each slice round a little chopped
sprouts. Secure, if necessary, with
cocktail sticks. Delicious for supper
or afternoon tea.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs.
B. Sefton, 31 Knox St., Clovelly,
N.S.W.

DATE BUTTER

One pound stoned dates, 1 cup
butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 tea-
spoon cinnamon, juice of 2 lemons.

Cook together over slow heat
until of jam consistency. Bottle in
clean, dry jars while hot, seal and
store for use. For fillings or sand-
wiches.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to M.
Chambers, 20 Vaux St., Cowra,
N.S.W.

BROWN JOE PUDDING

One and a half cups flour, pinch
salt, 1 cup dripping, 1 cup brown
sugar, 1 cup chopped dates or sul-
tanas, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon bicar-
bonate soda, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Sift flour and salt and rub in



CONSERVE COOKING FAT by
draining fried food on perforated
slice before further draining on
crumpled kitchen paper. Ida
Lupino, of Warner Bros., reminds
you that fat must also be fuming
before food is lowered into it.

dripping. Add sugar and dates. Add
milk in which soda has been dis-
solved. Lastly, stir in vinegar. Turn
into greased basin. Cover and steam
21 to 3 hours. Serve with custard
or white sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss
I. K. Fitz-Simmons, 189 Walker St.,
North Sydney, N.S.W.

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1-44

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third of them in the Services, those at
home must work harder than ever. No
wonder your doctor is feeling the strain.
He cannot take a holiday, so save his time
whenever possible.

★ Don't call the doctor to your
home unless there's urgent
need. Help him by visiting
his surgery.

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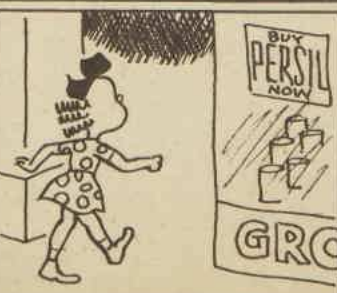
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blains; Bunions; Synovitis;
Neuritis; Lumbago and
Skin Disorders.

POPSY



WOOLLY THINGS
NEED
PERSIL
TO KEEP THEM
SAFE AND
GENTLE TO
THE TOUCH



P.303.2

the storage wall . . .

An idea from America worthy of a place in every Australian home

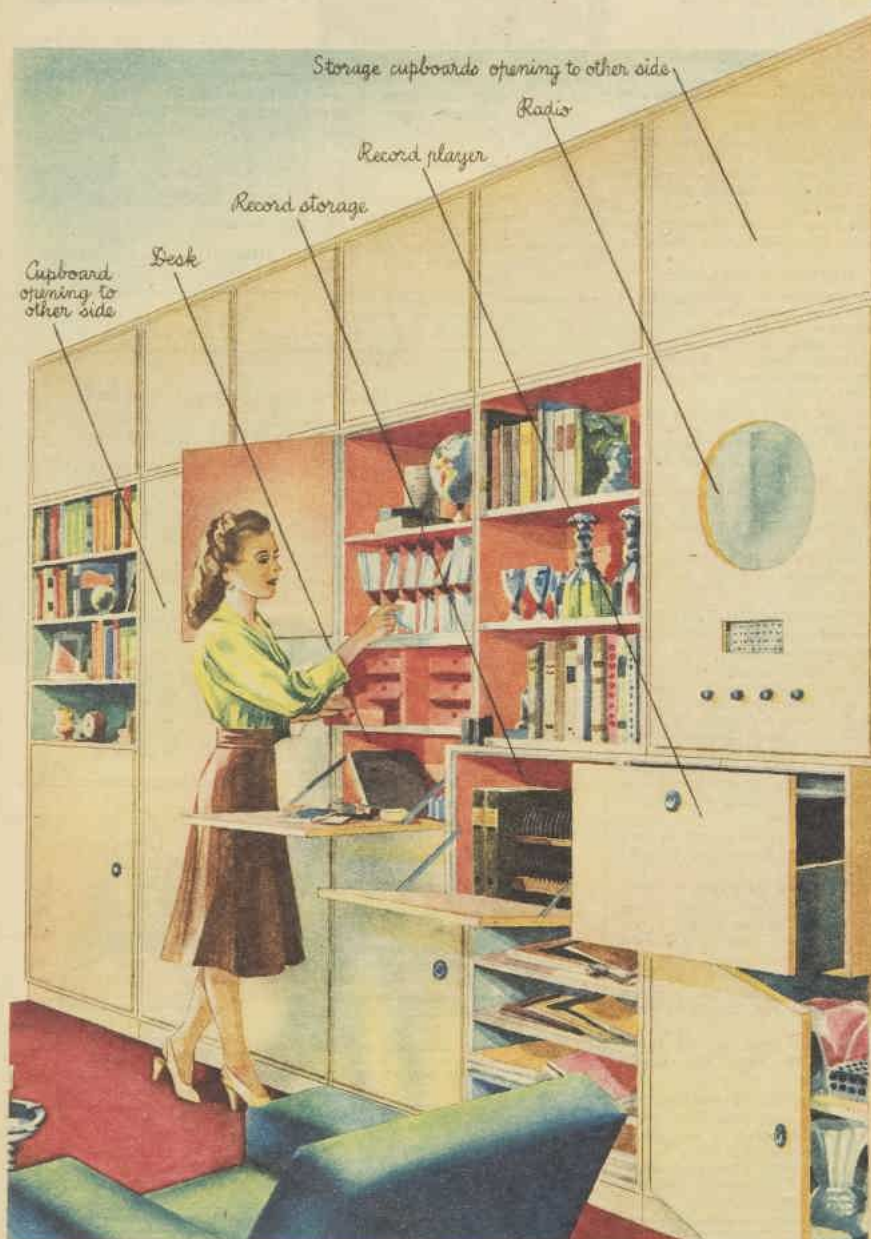
There is hardly a home anywhere that doesn't need additional storage space—a cupboard for that—somewhere to store those empty suitcases—somewhere “get-at-able” for that overflow of tennis racquets, books, magazines and brie-a-brac collected in such a surprisingly short time by the average family.

An American organisation thought about the problem; then commissioned two prominent

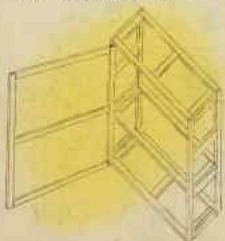
architects to attack the problem scientifically—result, **THE STORAGE WALL**, the most valuable and practical idea in home building of a decade. Most practical material for construction of the storage wall—Australian-made Masonite Presdwood—a hard, steel-smooth board that comes in sheets up to 12ft. x 4ft. and which is worked with ordinary carpenter's tools.



BETWEEN-BEDROOMS STORAGE WALL



Acknowledgment to "LIFE"



IF YOU'RE A HANDYMAN . . . and your building supplier has sufficient stocks of 3/16" Masonite Presdwood, and dressed seasoned timber suitable for framing (we suggest 3" x 1" and 2" x 1"), you can start to build a storage wall right away. Even if you only rent the house in which you now live you can construct a storage wall in sections . . . then when you build a home of your own

it can easily be taken down and re-erected. The framework can be of simple butt joint design, glued if desired, and nailed with wriggle nails or fixed by any other suitable method. The Masonite Presdwood boards are then nailed to the framework using 3" or 1", 16 gauge panel pins. When completed the Presdwood surfaces may be attractively finished by enamelling, painting or staining.

Produced entirely from Australian hardwoods . . . Manufactured and marketed by:

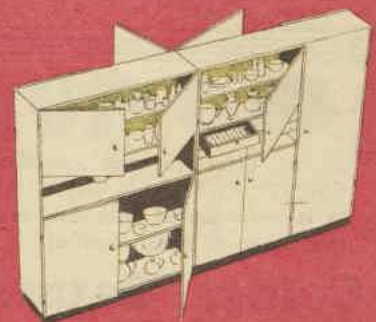
MASONITE CORPORATION (AUST.) LTD. SALES DIVISION, 369 Pitt Street, Sydney,

and 529 Collins Street, Melbourne

The space-saving, space-giving storage wall replaces the ordinary between-room wall. It provides cupboards (usually 12in. deep) throughout the entire length and height of the wall. Some cupboards and shelves open into one room—some into the other—depending on the needs of the individual rooms.

Our main illustration shows the living room side of a storage wall between living room and hall. On the unseen side is space for umbrellas and raincoats, golf clubs, tennis racquets and other sporting equipment. Top cupboards of storage wall open on hall side and provide space for seldom-used articles such as picnic baskets and suitcases.

Our illustrations above and below show that the storage wall also has its place between bedrooms or between dining room and kitchen. In the latter position many of the cupboards open both into the dining room and kitchen. These cupboards are designed for crockery, cutlery, etc., and allow the table to be set by opening the doors on the dining room side and yet permit the washing up to be stored away from the kitchen side. In fact, the uses and adaptability of the storage wall are only limited by the ingenuity of the home owner.



KITCHEN-DINING ROOM STORAGE WALL FEATURES CUPBOARDS OPENING INTO BOTH ROOMS



TEMPERED PRESWOOD

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PRESWOOD